

HORRIBLE REMEDIES

THOSE USED BY DOCTORS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Patients Cast Into Wells to Cure Convulsions—A Ladder Used in Setting a Dislocated Shoulder—Dead Bodies Made Into Medicine.

A fragment of a curious volume has fallen into the hands of a local physician which graphically describes the methods of surgery of several centuries ago. When it is considered that anaesthetics were unknown in those ancient days, the modus operandi of the surgeon of the sixteenth century must appear startlingly cruel in the light of the present day.

The work is that of Ambrose Parey, who in 1579, being then the much famous "chirurgion" of his day, published a bulky volume which became such an established authority and held its place for so long a time that 70 years afterward it was translated into English and published in London.

In his first book he considers the general phenomenon of the body in health and disease, and in the chapter relating to temperaments and humors he writes, "An humor is called by physicians what thing soever is liquid and flowing in the body of living creatures enclosed with blood." Proceeding to the "manifold divisions of humors," he separates them into four parts, distinct in color, taste, effects and qualities—namely, blood, phlegm, choler and melancholy. Exact in his subdivisions, he says: "All men ought to think that such humors are wont to move at set hours of the day as by a certain peculiar motion or tide. Therefore, the blood flows from the ninth hour of the night to the third hour of the day; choler to the ninth of the day. Then melancholy the blood flows from the ninth hour of the night is under the dominion of phlegm."

Equally curious is the following on spirits, which he divides into "animal," "vital" and "natural."

"The animal spirit hath taken his seat in the brain. It is called animal because it is the life, but the chief and prime instrument thereof. Wherefore it hath a most subtle and airy substance. This animal spirit is made and harbored in the windings and foldings of the veins and arteries of the brain, brought thither sometimes of the pure air or sweet vapor drawn in by the nose in breathing. The vital spirit is next to it in dignity and excellency, which hath its chief mansion in the left ventricle of the heart. The natural spirit, if such there be any, hath its station in the liver and veins."

Describing "certain juggling and deceitful ways of healing of cures by such means as fear, surprise and even by music for spider bite, the music causing the patient to dance so lustily that he shakes all the poison out of his system," he sums up some of those heroic remedies thus: "I would not cast the patient headlong out of a window, but would rather cast them sodainly, and thinking of no such thing, into a great cistern filled with cold water, with their heads foremost. Neither would I take them out until they had drunk a good quantity of water, that by that sodain fall and strong fear the matter causing the frenzy might be carried from above downward from the noble parts to the ignoble."

A medicine upon which he dilates at great length is "mummie," referred to as the usual remedy for contusions, and he describes it as follows:

"Mummie is a liquor flowing from the aromatick embalms of dead bodies, which becomes dry and hard" and being ground into medicine was "administered either in whole or portion to such as have fallen from high places, the first and last medicine of almost all our practitioners at this day in such a case."

He also gives some gruesome facts connected with the preparation of "mummie" when he says: "Certain of our French apothecaries, men wondrous audacious and covetous to steal by night the bodies of such as were hanged and embalming them with salt and drugs they dried them in an oven so as to sell them thus adulterated instead of true mummie, whereupon we are thus compelled, both foolishly and cruelly, to devour the mangled and putrid particles of the carcasses of the basest people of Egypt, or of such as are hanged, as though there were no other way to help or recover one bruised with a fall from a high place."

"I have not thought it fit in this place," he says, "to omit the industry of Nicholas Picart, the Duke of Guise, his surgeon, who, being called to a certain countryman to set his shoulder, being out of joint, and finding none in the place besides the patient and his wife, who might assist him in this work, he put the patient, bound after the forementioned manner, to a ladder, then immediately he tied a staffe at the lower end of the ladder, which was fastened about the patient's arm above his elbow, then put it so tied under one of the steps of the ladder as low as he could and got astride thereupon and sate thereon with his whole weight and at the same instant made his wife pluck the stool from under his feet, which, being done, the bone presently came into its place."

He also gravely discusses witches and witchcraft, the birth of monsters with horns, hoofs and wings, ascribing their birth to the master of evil, and closes with a lofty panegyric upon Hippocrates and Galen, the princes of physicians.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Better Name.—Miss Summit—He is one of the most generous men I ever met. Why, he took me out to luncheon yesterday and let me order it all myself.

Miss Pallas—I don't call that generosity. That's pure recklessness.—Brooklyn Life.

FACTS ABOUT SARDINES.

The Greater Part of This Country's Consumption Now Packed Here.

Formerly the sardines consumed in this country were all imported from France. Now about three-quarters of the sardines eaten in the United States are put up here, the chief center of the sardine industry in the United States being the eastern coast of Maine, though some sardines are now put up on the coast of California. The packing of sardines in this country was begun about 1886.

Thousands of people now find employment in one part and another of the work in catching fish, in making cans and in canning and packing and marketing and so on.

Sardines are put up in greater variety than formerly, there being nowadays sardines packed in tomato sauce, sardines in mustard, spiced sardines and so on, but the great bulk of sardines, both imported and domestic, are still put up in oil. Sardines are put up also in a greater variety of packages than formerly, there being, for example, various sizes and shapes of oval tins, and some French sardines are imported in glass, but as the great bulk of all sardines are still put up in oil, so the great bulk of them are still put up in the familiar flat boxes, the great majority of these being of the sizes known as halves and quarters and far the greater number of these being in quarters. Sardines are packed 100 tins in a case, and the consumption of sardines in this country is roughly estimated at from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 cases annually.

Like canned goods of every description, sardines are cheaper now than they formerly were, and American sardines are sold for less than the imported. American sardines are now exported from this country to the West Indies and to South America.—New York Sun.

CHOCOLATE FIENDS.

There Are Those Who Become Slaves to This Nerve Soothing Food.

"The manufacture of chocolate," said J. R. Anso of Brazil, "is a great industry. Of all the chocolate beans imported into the United States two-thirds go to one firm in Boston, and the other third is distributed among the other manufacturers. The chocolates sold are of various grades. The Caracas chocolate is supposed to be the best."

"If you take the various grades, technically known as the Caracas, the French, the German and so on, and take a piece of each and place them in a pan of water and allow them to dissolve, any expert will tell you which is the best chocolate. The better grades will leave no sediment. The others will. This is explained by the fact that in the cheaper grades the shell is ground up and used as a 'filler.' The lighter the chocolate the better the grade. The cheaper grades are dark owing to the ground up shell."

"It is a queer thing about chocolate consumption. There are chocolate fiends, just as there are opium fiends, tobacco slaves and liquor slaves. I cannot tell you why it is, but if people begin to eat chocolate the habit grows upon them. I don't think any amount of chocolate hurts any person. Of course the cheaper grades of chocolate have a large percentage of sugar in them, and sugar is to a certain extent injurious, but for the chocolate itself I don't think any one eats enough to hurt him materially. In contradistinction to the exhilaration of alcoholic drinks chocolate seems to be a soothing. Persons who are nervous and irritable find it a food that in a way calms and soothes and satisfies them. It is queer, but it is the truth. The consumption of chocolate is increasing enormously in the United States."—New York Tribune.

Artificial Diamonds.

It is well known that in the manufacture of carbon steel microscopic diamonds are formed, and the curious fact is stated by The Scientific Press that from the examination of a number of steels from a variety of processes identical results were given. A piece weighing 300 grams was cut from a lump of steel and treated with nitric acid, the insoluble residue collected being mainly graphitic carbon. After being washed with water it was boiled three times with fuming nitric acid, which partially dissolved the residue, hydrofluoric acid and then fuming sulphuric being used, there then remaining nothing but graphite, which, after being washed, was melted with chlorate of potash. The insoluble residue obtained fell to the bottom of a vessel filled with iodide of methylene, the little transparent octahedrons visible through a microscope, which burned on a sheet of platinum without any ash, being the diamonds.

The Thistle of Scotland.

Once upon a time many hundred years ago the Danes made war upon the Scots and invaded their country. One dark night, as they were marching upon an encampment of sleeping Scots, one of their number trod upon a thistle. The pain was so sudden and intense that the man gave a loud cry. This awakened the slumbering Scots, who sprang to arms and defeated the assailants. In gratitude for the deliverance the Scots made the thistle their national emblem.—Journal of Education.

Japan's Children.

From one end of Japan to the other a child is treated as a sacred thing, be it one's own or a stranger's. Each one carries its name and address on a ticket round its neck, but should it indeed stray from home food and shelter and kindness would meet it anywhere.

It may well be said that life is monotonous. In 50 years we undress for bed no fewer than 18,350 times, dressing again after each night's repose with cheerful resignation.—Tit-Bits.

DR. C. E. LIVINGSTON,

The Well-Known Specialist of Dayton, O.,

At the request of his many patients and friends will be at the

HOTEL CONRAD, MASSILLON, O.

WEDNESDAYS and THURSDAYS, February 7 and 8; March 7 and 8; April 4 and 5; May 2 and 3; May 30 and 31; June 27 and 28; July 25 and 26; August 22 and 23; September 19 and 20; October 17 and 18, 1900.

This celebrated physician has been treating Chronic Diseases for the past twenty-six years, giving him a widely known reputation in the treatment of all classes of chronic troubles.

A specialty is made of all forms of chronic troubles, such as diseases of the Head, Throat, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Womb Troubles, all diseases of the Genital Organs, and all forms of diseases of the Bladder, diseases of the Blood, such as Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Cankers, Malignant Ulcers, and Swellings such as White Swelling and Scrofulous Lumps.

CONSULTATION FREE, and no questions will be asked of patients, no matter what the trouble may be, will tell you your trouble, their symptoms and their cause better than you can tell yourself. The knowledge which enables me to perform this wonderful thing has been acquired from long years of constant practice and a power given by the God of Creation.

I would be pleased to have all who are afflicted call, even if they cannot take treatment, as I may be the means of saving you trouble, pain and expense.

Remember the Dates, and call as early as possible.

PEOPLE READ

The Advertisements in a live NEWSPAPER!

Morale! Advertise in "THE INDEPENDENT".....

WARTHORST & Co.

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Massillon, O.

LION COFFEE

Used in Millions of Homes!

Accept no substitute

Insist on LION COFFEE, in 1 lb. pkgs.

These articles mailed **FREE** in exchange for lion heads cut from front of 1 lb. LION COFFEE pkgs.

Gold Collar Button.

Mailed free for 5 lion heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp. Made of rolled gold and with mother-of-pearl back; suitable alike for ladies and gentlemen. This shape is handy and popular.

Daisy Neck-Pin.

Genuine Hard-Enamel and Gold.

For 18 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. The illustration is only two-thirds actual size. Color a delicate pink, with jewel setting and gold trimmings. Best enamel finish, stylish and durable.

"The Lion's Bride."



Mailed free for 12 lion heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp. An unusually fine picture, from the brush of the noted German artist, Gabriel Max. It is founded on Chamisso's poem, "The Lion's Bride." The story is interesting, and we send with each picture a handsome folder, containing copy of the poem and telling all about it. Size, 15x26 inches.

"Dorothy and Her Friends."



A bright, cheery picture.

For 8 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

A bright, cheery picture, representing a little girl playing with her chickens and her rabbits. The predominant colors are rich reds and greens. Size, 14x28 inches.

For 10 lion heads and 2-cent stamp, we will mail it, framed, ready for hanging.



STRENGTH, PURITY AND FLAVOR

Stylish Belt-Buckle.

Handsomely gold-plated, with Roman finish, and set with ruby colored jewel in the center. This will be welcomed for "dressed-up" occasions by the ladies who like to wear different colored sashes. The gold-finish goes well with any of them. Given for 20 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

Ladies' Apron.

Made of good quality lawn, with alternate reversing and tucks; broad hem at bottom, and is neatly gathered at waist; a very superior and stylish article. Size, 36x40 inches. Given for 20 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

Fruit Picture.

Size, 16x24 inches. Given for 8 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

50-Foot Clothes Line.

Given for 15 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Made of closely braided cotton threads, strong, and will give the best of satisfaction.

Remember

Our pharmacy contains every article pertaining to an "up-to-date" DRUG STORE. The purest and best drugs and pharmaceutical preparations, the finest Perfumes, the most modern Toilet preparations, and an immense stock of Toilet Soaps and Toilet requisites.

RIDER & SNYDER,

Pharmacists, No. 12 East Main St.

DAILY EXCURSIONS

...TO CALIFORNIA...

Through first-class and Tourist Sleeping-Cars to points in California and Oregon leave Chicago every day in the year via the

Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line. PERSONALLY CONDUCTED EXCURSIONS

Every Wednesday from Boston and New England and Every Thursday from Chicago.

Lowest Rates, Shortest Time on the Road

FINEST SCENERY.

Only route by which you can leave home any day in the week and travel in through cars on fastest trains all the way. Inquire of your nearest agent or write for pamphlets and information to C. Traver, 507 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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MASON'S CREAM OF OLIVES OINTMENT

CURES CATARRH, ASTHMA, HAY FEVER, MUMPS, CROUP, CAKED BREAST, FIRE & SUN BURN, CHAFING, BURNS & TIRE DRESS, CHAPPED FACE, LIPS & HANDS, SAFE REMEDY FOR PILES.

ALL DRUGGISTS OR MAILED FOR 25¢

H. T. MASON CHEMICAL CO. 515 Arch St. Phila. Pa.

SAFE SPEEDY SURE

PENNYROYAL PILLS

Original and Only Genuine. Safe, always reliable. Levee at Druggists for (Chickster's) Pennyroyal Pills. Mailed for 25¢ in Red and Gold medicine boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take two others. Refuse dangerous substitutes. (Note and imitations. A Druggist, send me in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Letter for Ladies" in letter, by return Mail, 10,000 Testimonials. Name.)

At all Druggists, Chickster Chemical Co., 2400 Madison Square, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

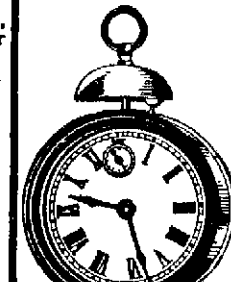
Best Coffee for the Money!

Try LION COFFEE and you will never use any other. It is absolutely pure Coffee and nothing but Coffee.

Mantel Clock.

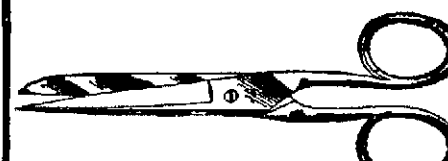


Alarm Clock.



Sent by express, prepaid, for 80 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. When ordering either clock, please name your nearest Express Office, if there is no express office located in your town.

Ladies' Scissors.



Length, five inches, suitable for cutting, trimming and general household use. Given for 12 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

Razor.



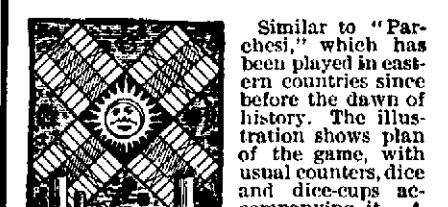
Given for 35 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. A first-class razor, made of best English steel, and extra hollow-ground.

Rubber Dressing Comb.



For 10 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Length, 7 inches, full size and weight. Made of genuine India rubber, finely finished. Appropriate for a ladies' dressing-case or for use in the household.

Game "India."

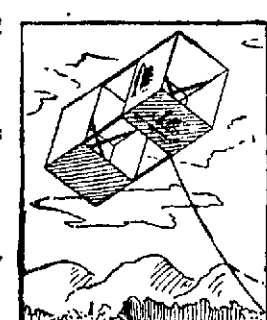


never tire of playing. Given for 20 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

See it Fly!

The celebrated box kite now so popular. Thirty inches long and comes safely folded, but can quickly be spread to fly. Every American boy wants one, and older persons also are interested.

Naval Box Kite.



Mailed free for 40 lion heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp.

Every time you buy a pound package of LION COFFEE you have bought something else, too. Don't overlook it! You have bought a certain portion of some article to be selected by you from our new Premium Lists!

THE ABOVE ARE ONLY A FEW OF THE LION COFFEE PREMIUMS. Another list will shortly appear in this paper! Don't miss it! The grandest list of premiums ever offered!

You always know LION COFFEE by the wrapper. It is a sealed package, with the lion's head in front. It is absolutely pure if the package is unbroken. LION COFFEE is roasted the day it leaves the factory.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

When writing for premiums send your letter in the same envelope or package with the lion heads. If more than 15 lion heads are sent, you can save postage by trimming down the margin. Ask your grocer for large illustrated premium list. Address all letters to the

WOOLSON SPIOE CO., Toledo, Ohio.

PLACE AND POWER.

Leader Hayes Thinks They Await Labor.

HIS IDEA OF SOCIALISM.

Glass Blowers' President Ardently in Favor of Municipal Ownership of Public Utilities—Opposed to the Treatment of Apprentices of His Craft.

D. A. Hayes, of Philadelphia, president of the Glass Bottle Blowers Association of America, addressed his fellow craftsmen of the Massillon branch of the organization at the Trades & Labor Assembly hall on Sunday afternoon. Mr. Hayes, while in the city, will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Gow, Jr. He will leave this evening for Zanesville, his former home, from which place he will go direct to Philadelphia, the headquarters of his union. Mr. Hayes is just bringing to a close a three months' tour of the states in which bottle-blowing is an important industry.

Mr. Hayes, in a way, is a Socialist. "All workmen are," said he today, "though many of them are unconsciously so. Every man is striving to get the full value of his labor. I heartily endorse the American idea of socialism, but the socialism of Karl Marks and his followers is another thing. I believe in the government ownership of the telegraph, means of transportation and the coal mines. I include the coal mines because I have seen the sufferin' and distress of the unfortunate class of people employed in them in Pennsylvania. There is a condition worse than slavery. It is hard to believe that the government will permit citizens to be treated as these people have been treated. The government should have possession of the mines to give this down-trodden, spirit-broken class a chance.

"I believe that our hope lies in organization. Trades-unionism is yet in its infancy. When every branch of labor is organized perfectly, then labor will be more than a match for the trust. We can then set a price on our labor, and it will have to be paid. When that day comes, bringing with it the public ownership of public utilities, the American idea of socialism will be realized. I admit that the socialistic theory of Bellamy and other great men is very beautiful. But it is a dream. Bellamy thought so himself. When he wrote his famous book on the subject, it was to draw attention to certain wrongs then existing and not because the writer was filled with a conviction that such conditions could ever be brought about."

Mr. Hayes is the apprentices' staunchest friend. "Think of it," he remarked, "nine years is the average time which a boy must spend about a glass factory before he becomes a blower. Necessarily he must begin work when a boy, thus depriving himself of an education, and must work four or five years as a tender. Then, if he's lucky, he becomes an apprentice, and must serve five years more. During these five years he receives but half pay. For instance, if he earns \$1.00, exactly \$2.00 flows into the coffers of his employer, and he receives the other \$2. It is wrong. I believe that an apprenticeship of three years is sufficient, and that an apprentice should receive pay for every cent's worth of work he does. Before he reaches the apprenticeship stage, the boy has had to work in the factory so long that he is usually able to go upon the foot-branch and turn out perfect ware when he does reach it."

When asked if it was not a fact that the United Mine Workers of America was the only organization in the country which has assisted to better conditions the unskilled labor employed in connection with the skilled, Mr. Hayes said: "Well, that's a matter on which I cannot speak. Our organization offers aid and encouragement to the common laborers employed in connection with our trade to organize themselves. The great trouble with the common laborer is he is indifferent. Organized common labor is as strong as organized skilled labor. Both are necessary. But the condition of the man who has never been in a union is like that of a man who has never been to church. The non-union man does not know what good is being done by the union, and the man who doesn't go to church doesn't know what good the church is doing."

Photograph Took Dead Father's Place
BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Feb. 26.—Edith L. Smith, of New York, and Frank Merceron were married and the ceremony was performed through the medium of the photograph, the words of the father, now in his grave, being uttered as though he was alive. Before his death he recited the marriage service into a photograph.

Eight Firms Burned Out.
CHICAGO, Feb. 26.—Eight firms were burned out in a fire which destroyed a four-story brick building at 51-55 Jefferson street. The loss on the building was \$30,000 and on the contents \$35,000. The building and most of the contents were insured.

Brought 54 Soldiers' Bodies.
NEW YORK, Feb. 26.—The United States transport Sedgewick arrived from Matanzas, Cienfuegos and Havana, with 27 cabin passengers and 46 discharged soldiers. The Sedgewick also brought a quantity of baggage, 54 soldiers' bodies and \$230,000 in specie.

Jutaro Komura to Be Transferred.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—The Japanese minister to the United States, Mr. Jutaro Komura, has been notified by cable from Japan of his appointment as minister to Russia. He will leave for St. Petersburg about April 15.

IN MERCANTILE CIRCLES.

Frank Wade Agn with Wade Bros. —Sands Company Quits.

Frank Wade has bought back his interest in the East Main street meat market, and the firm name is again Wade Bros. his partner being Curtis Wade. For one week the firm was known as Wade, Hug & Company.

The Sands Clothing Company, for a year or more past a South Erie street concern, has gone out of business, and is today removing its stock to Canton. The room vacated has been leased by Z. T. Babitz, whose pharmacy and book store will be removed to that location in the spring.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

Statue and Font Blessed at St. Mary's.

MANY VISITING PRIESTS.

Ceremonies Participated in by Rectors from Other Towns—Services Opened with Magnificat and Closed with Te Deum—Sermon by the Rev. Mr. Treiber.

Impressive services were conducted at St. Mary's Catholic church Sunday evening, at which the new baptismal font and a statue of St. Anthony were blessed. The Rev. H. V. Kaempfer, rector of the church, officiated as master of ceremonies; the Rev. J. F. Kuebler, of St. Joseph's church, was celebrant; the Rev. H. Boeskin, of West Brookfield, deacon; the Rev. M. Gerhardtstein, of Canal Fulton, sub-deacon. The sermon of the evening was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Treiber, of Canton. The services opened with the Magnificat and closed with the Te Deum.

The font is mainly of stone, beautifully carved and decorated, the handwork of John B. Vermont, of this city, a member of the congregation. The statue was presented by two young ladies who do not wish their names to become known. Not even the members of the church are aware of the identity of the persons who presented the statue. During the services Sunday evening they were referred to throughout as "two benefactors" of the church. The statue arrived on Saturday afternoon from Chicago, where it was made.

Lenten devotions will begin at both St. Mary's and St. Joseph's Catholic churches on Ash Wednesday, February 28, the first day of Lent. High mass will be held at both churches in the morning. In the evening the Rev. Mr. Kaempfer will preach in English at St. Mary's on "Matrimony." On the following Wednesday he will deliver a sermon in German on "The Sacrament of Penance."

OBITUARY NOTICE.
THE REV. E. LOREZZ.
A telegram was received by Mrs. Philippine Diether, of 66 East Oak street, Sunday morning, announcing the sudden death of her brother, the Rev. E. Lorezz, of Dayton.

THE RED LIGHT.
The Danger Signal That Must Always be Obeyed.
When there is danger on the railroad a red light is displayed. To run by this signal means death or injury to the passengers.

All through life we see the danger signals and, if unheeded, sorrow, despair and sometimes death result. These warnings are sent out by man or nature for our protection. Nature sends out a warning signal when her laws have been disobeyed, and there is danger of going farther before the wrong has been righted. The best machinery needs oil, so does the human machine. The system becomes run down and needs to be built up. It must be placed in a healthy condition before it will do its work properly. If the blood is impure and the liver torpid, the stomach fails to do its work, and dyspepsia, nervousness, catarrh, headaches and constipation are the result. These are nature's signals. Heed them before it is too late. A new combination of thoroughly tried and tested remedies called Knox Stomach Tablets are now offered to suffering humanity. This new vegetable remedy goes to the seat of these disorders, builds up the whole system and transforms the weak and infirm into healthy men and women. A single box will be a most forcible argument to the sufferer. Knox Stomach Tablets immediately relieve indigestion and are a positive cure for dyspepsia. If your druggist does not sell them, send fifty cents with your address and that of the druggist to the Knox Chemical Co., Battle Creek, Mich., and a full sized bottle will be sent postpaid.

Grain-O! Grain-O!
Remember that name when you want a delicious, appetizing, nourishing food drink to take the place of coffee. Sold by all grocers and liked by all who have used it. Grain O is made of pure grain, it aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. It is not a stimulant, but a health builder and the children as well as the adults can drink it with great benefit. Costs about 1/2 as much as coffee. 15c and 25c per package. Ask your grocer for Grain-O.

Nasal Catarrh quickly yields to treatment by Ely's Cream Balm, which is agreeably aromatic. It is received through the nostrils, cleanses and heals the whole surface over which it diffuses itself. A remedy for Nasal Catarrh which is drying or exciting to the diseased membrane should not be used. Cream Balm is recognized as a specific. Price 50 cents at druggists or by mail. A cold in the head immediately disappears when Cream Balm is used. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren street, New York.

Wonderful Fly.
A fly so minute as to be almost invisible ran three inches in half a second and was calculated to make no less than 540 steps in the time a healthy man would breathe once. A man with proportionate agility could run 24 miles in a minute.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

STRANGE FOSTER MOTHER.

An Old Hen Takes Possession of a Litter of Kittens.

A cat and five kittens were found one morning comfortably ensconced in the hayloft of a stable at Blocken-hurst. They were not wanted there, and so the stableman removed the family to a crib in a stall, where a broody but persistent hen had been for many days sitting upon some china eggs. Before long sounds of a struggle were heard, and the cat left her little ones with a good deal of haste.

On investigating the stableman found to his astonishment that the hen had driven out the cat and taken her place as foster mother of the kittens, nor would she permit the cat to return. She cooed to the kittens and did her best to amuse them. When they became restless, she exercised maternal authority in keeping them well within bounds. Sometimes, while attending to one side of her nest, a kitten would stray from the others. But the foster mother was not to be evaded. She would at once leave her place and search till she found the truant and persuaded it by pushing and other means to return to the nest.

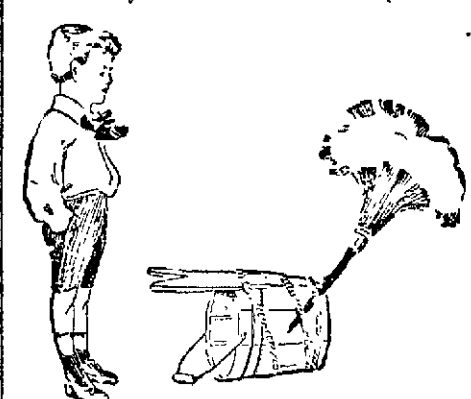
Of course it was necessary that the cat should be allowed to approach her offspring from time to time in order to feed them. The hen had then to be forcibly removed and the door barred against her. No sooner was it opened than the hen would drive out the cat and resume her place as head of the household. At night she spread her wings over the little animals just as though they were chickens, and certainly they seemed to like the cozy warmth of their feathered quilt.—Everybody's Magazine.

Had Bird Friends.

There are many instances in which an author made a pet of a bird. In Mrs. Gordon's biography of her father there is a story told of how he found a hapless sparrow one day on the doorstep, scarcely fledged and quite unable to care for itself. He carried it into his room and cared for it, and from that day it became his protegee. It became perfectly domesticated, leading a life of peace and prosperity with its kind patron for nearly 11 years.

That gifted and lovable woman Mrs. Somerville kept herself surrounded by birds, and her fondness for them was so great that even when engaged on the most abstruse problems she thought she could work better and with a mind more at ease if she had one of her favorites for a companion. In her letters she writes of her "dear old parrot, Lory, who is still alive and merry," and later speaks about the tamed sparrow that always sat on her arm when she wrote. She tells of the nightingales and other birds that she had rescued from dogs, and of her favorite long tailed parakeet Esmeralda, which lived with her many years.

The Funniest Cow.
This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
Funniest cow that ever was born—
A hootjack head and a duster tail
And a body that looks like a wooden pail.



But this is the cow that jumped over the moon,
Then danced a jig to a silly old tune,
And she gives her milk condensed in a can,
And she's milked at night by the boy man.
For all these things are true I know,
For Little Boy Blue has told me so.
—R. McArthur in Brooklyn Eagle.

Funny Indian Boys.
I wonder if many of our boys are as anxious to please their teacher as are a certain class of little Indian boys out in South Dakota. A teacher among the Sioux in that state tells this story:

"The boys had made a great deal of noise going down stairs at noon, and the next day I tried to impress upon them the necessity for going down stairs quietly in order to avoid disturbing the classes. I did not expect that this caution would be effective, as I could not be sure that they understood me. I was agreeably surprised at the quiet that prevailed the next day when they went out and, stepping into the hall, was just in time to see the last pair of heels suspended in the air. The boys, in their anxiety to obey my injunction, were crawling down stairs on their hands and knees."

A Treat For Johnny.
A little girl who loves to tease as well as to eat candy recently carried a box of chocolates to school. At recess she took her box of sweets to the grounds, and, of course, all of the little tots wanted "a bite." One little boy had asked for candy several times and every time the fun loving wee maiden danced about displaying her sweets, but giving none to any one. At last this same boy determined to have some, and, going up to the candy girl, said: "Please, now, Flossie, please give me a bite. You know I'd give you a lot of bites if it was mine." At this point Flossie bent her tiny body forward and said, "No, but you may kiss my mouf while its all sticky."

Have Faith In United States.
SANTIAGO DE CUBA, Feb. 26.—The order of Governor General Wood making Saturday a holiday in honor of the beginning of the revolution was very popular and was observed strictly. The principal celebration was held at the Antonio Maceo club. All the speakers accepted in good faith the avowed intention of the United States government to establish a Cuban republic.

Weldon Stricken With Paralysis.
CINCINNATI, Feb. 26.—Harry Weldon, for 20 years the sporting editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, was stricken with paralysis here. The stroke does not affect his brain. He is perfectly conscious, but is unable to speak. The stroke seems to affect chiefly his vocal organs and the right arm and leg. His physician says his chances for recovery are good.

MRS. SARTORIS BETTER.

Convalescing From an Operation She Had Performed - Statement by Physician.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26.—The following statement relative to the condition of Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris was given out by the attending physicians:

"Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris is now convalescing from an operation, and will be about in a few days. On account of publications that her malady was cancer, we state that after the operation an examination has proved that there is no evidence that cancer has ever existed."

YELLOW FEVER NOT EXPECTED.

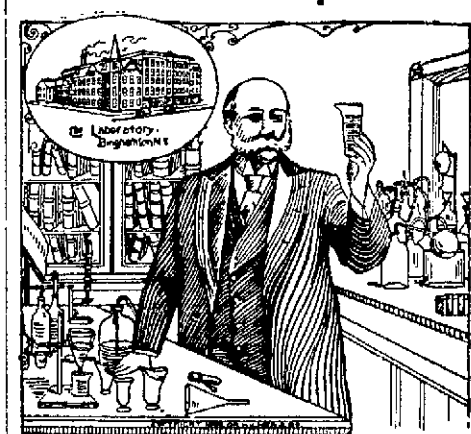
Cubans Protest Against Quarantine Commencing April 1.

SANTIAGO, Feb. 26.—The announcement by the officers of the marine hospital service that quarantine regulations will be put into force on April 1 led to a special meeting of the chamber of commerce, at which a committee was appointed to draw up resolutions protesting against this as an unnecessary precaution, as yellow fever has rarely, if ever, appeared here before the middle of May.

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The Eminent Kidney and Bladder Specialist.



The Discoverer of Swamp-Root at Work in His Laboratory.

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidney-poisoned blood will attack the vital organs, or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell. Then the richness of the blood—the albumen—leaks out and the sufferer has Bright's Disease, the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the new discovery is the true specific for kidney, bladder and urinary troubles. It has cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases, after all other efforts have failed. At druggists in fifty-cent and dollar sizes. A sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling about Swamp-Root and its wonderful cures. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. and mention this paper.

Nasal CATARRH

In all its stages there should be cleanliness. Ely's Cream Balm cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling out. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.



"BEE HIVE"
Beautiful New Spring Wash Goods.
Selections Equal, if not Larger, than at any former period.

10c 1 Case Fine Cambrics, regular 15c quality, will go at 10c per yd.
15c One Case Lovely Zephyr Gingham, per 15c yd. only
15c 50 Pcs. Royal Dimities, New Spring Tints 15c per yd.
18c 30 Pcs. Revere Lawns and Sea Island Dimities, at 18c per yd.

Rich and Beautiful Taffeta Silks coming in daily—all the New Spring Colorings. Prices, 75c, 85c and \$1.00 per yd.

Ask for the New Imperial Kid Glove—every pair guaranteed. All the new colorings. Regular \$1 quality—The New Price, 79c per pair.

ALLMAN & PUTMAN.

GOLD DUST

The Best Washing Powder.

Ask Your Laundress to Try It.

Killed Employer's Wife and Suicided.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26.—Mrs. Manie Hayes was murdered in her sleeping apartment in the Hotel Endicott by Dr. Franklin L. Caldwell, who then shot and killed himself. The woman was shot in the head. Caldwell was employed as an assistant by Dr. Ephraim H. Hayes, husband of the dead woman. It was said he was infatuated with the woman, who had repulsed him time and again. Her husband had befriended him. It was believed he also planned to kill her husband.

Nine Were Ordained.

LANCASTER, Pa., Feb. 26.—In Bethany church Bishop Stanford preached the ordination sermon to the nine applicants who were given deacons' and elders' orders by the east Pennsylvania conference of the United Evangelical church. The ordination was performed Sunday afternoon by the bishop, assisted by the three presiding elders, B. J. Smoyer, C. S. Hanna and P. E. Urban.

Murdered Millionaire's Widow Dead.

CHICAGO, Feb. 26.—Mrs. Henrietta Snell, widow of Amos J. Snell, the millionaire, whose murder has been a mystery for 12 years, has died. She was stricken three days ago with heart disease. Mrs. Snell was nearly 70 years of age, and had lived since her husband's tragic death in the house in which he was murdered.

Prominent Homeopathic Physician Dead.

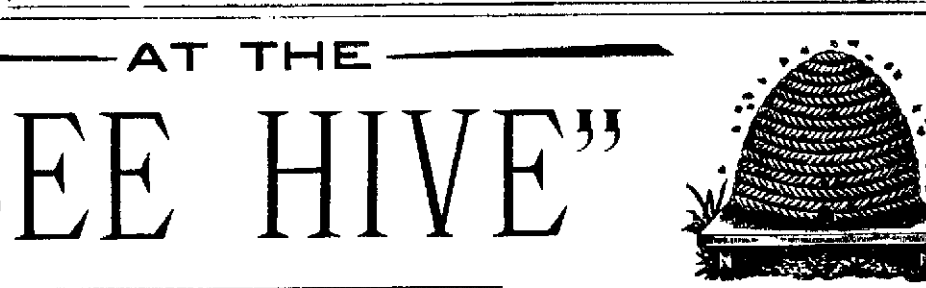
CINCINNATI, Feb. 26.—Dr. A. R. Wright, of Buffalo, is dead at St. Joseph's hospital, in Chicago. He arrived Thursday to consult Dr. Nicholas Senn about his illness. After entering the hospital, Dr. Wright failed to rally because of his age, 74 years. Dr. Wright was one of the foremost homeopathic physicians of America.

Crone's CLOSING OUT Fire Sale

Will Begin Saturday, February 17, and continue for about 30 days. Every article in the store must be sold. Following are a few of our prices:

We are selling our Dress Goods at exceptionally low prices.
Cambric Lining.....4c
Stays worth 15c.....10c
Hooks and Eyes.....4c and 8c
Canvas.....8c, 10, 12 1/2 to 20c
India Linon.....7c, 10c, 12 1/2, 15c
Don't miss buying a Jacket or Cape. Only a few left and these must go.
We undersell all in Lace Curtains and Portieres.

Remember we are positively going to quit the business. TERMS CASH.
CRONE'S DRY GOODS STORE,
37 S. Erie Street. South of Opera Block



"BEE HIVE"
Beautiful New Spring Wash Goods.
Selections Equal, if not Larger, than at any former period.

10c 1 Case Fine Cambrics, regular 15c quality, will go at 10c per yd.
15c One Case Lovely Zephyr Gingham, per 15c yd. only
15c 50 Pcs. Royal Dimities, New Spring Tints 15c per yd.
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Rich and Beautiful Taffeta Silks coming in daily—all the New Spring Colorings. Prices, 75c, 85c and \$1.00 per yd.

Ask for the New Imperial Kid Glove—every pair guaranteed. All the new colorings. Regular \$1 quality—The New Price, 79c per pair.

ALLMAN & PUTMAN.

THE INDEPENDENT.

THE INDEPENDENT COMPANY,
INDEPENDENT BUILDING,
30 N. Erie Street, — MASSILLON, O.

WEEKLY FOUNDED IN 1863
DAILY FOUNDED IN 1887.
SEMI-WEEKLY FOUNDED IN 1896.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.
BOTH TELEPHONES NO. 60.

THE EVENING INDEPENDENT IS ON
sale at Balney's Book Store, Bam-
merlin's Clear Stand (Hotel Conrad),
and Bert Hankins' News stand in
North Mill street.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1900.

The proverbial claim that a presidential year is a bad year for business is in a fair way to be discounted in 1900. Every sign points to a bigger volume of business than ever before. Big and small commercial enterprises have courage to go ahead, assured that protection is the established policy of the country and that the coming election will not send the nation back to the starvation days of Democratic tariff reform.

The result of the investigation caused by the Macrum charges that his mail had been opened by the British censor at Durban is what might have been expected. In answering the inquiry of the state department the British government says that some petty official must have been the offender as the authorities concerned had been directed to pass official mail of foreign governments. The spiteful attempt made by the ex-consul to embarrass the administration has ignominiously failed.

The Ohio State Journal says that ex-Lieutenant Governor Jones has stated that he will not be a candidate for congress from the Eighteenth district. In making this announcement Mr. Jones, like the Hon. S. J. Williams, is penetrated by a great thought. He will use his influence to secure the nomination of Judge George F. Arrel, of Mahoning county. Judge Arrel may be entirely worthy the support of Mr. Jones. Congressman Taylor, however, will be re-nominated and re-elected.

Dispatches from London say that England herself is agitated at the spectacle of General Cronje and his Spartan army in that terrible valley of death on the Modder river. She suddenly realizes that she will have no friend left on earth if she permits the deliberate wiping out of these 8,000 helpless patriots. No Boer victory could so damage the British cause in the eyes of mankind as the completion of this wholesale slaughter with lyddite. Some realization of the fact has evidently reached Roberts and Kitchner, for the bombardment at last accounts has slackened and become almost desultory. Cronje has carried to the bitterest and most literal end the motto, "Independence or death."

"I hope her majesty's government will consider the event satisfactory," said General Lord Roberts in announcing the surrender of General Cronje to the British war office, the doubt implied by the words being more than justified by the lack of glory in the capitulation of three thousand men to an army of more than forty thousand, after having kept the latter at bay for ten days. General Cronje's surrender may not be the beginning of the end of the Boer war, although it has helped the British campaign materially and will doubtless be a severe drain upon the slender resources of their opponents, but it easily fore-shadows the end of the conflict—the ultimate capitulation of a small army to a great one.

The American Economist attacks thousands of inconsistent Democrats over the shoulders of the New York World when it asks the latter why it fills its column with reports which tell a story of almost unexampled prosperity throughout the country, and yet persistently advocates a change in our national policy of protection to American industries, the policy which has brought good times to pass. "Is it," asks the Economist, "that the World objects to seeing such unexampled prosperity or does it refuse to apply reason to facts? Or, what is most likely of all, is it that the World, having once given its approval to the worn out and discredited doctrine of Free Trade, will not abandon its position in spite of all the facts which show the unsoundness of that position? Whatever the reason for the position it takes, we advise the World to meditate upon the error of its ways and to bring its political principles up to date with the incontrovertible fact that protection and prosperity go hand in hand always."

TAYLER, THE LOGICAL CANDIDATE.

Few Republicans of the Eighteenth congressional district will question the wisdom of the Hon. S. J. Williams, who, having "consulted with the various interests affected," has decided that he is not the most available man to unite the opposition to Congressman R. W. Taylor for a fourth term, and has accordingly withdrawn his name from the contest. Mr. Williams would doubtless have received support from his own immediate friends and from a class of voters who ignorantly suppose that one man is as

good as another so long as he is a member of their party, but the majority of Republicans in the district have long since united on the proposition that Mr. Taylor is the only logical candidate for the nomination. Not only has he represented the district with signal ability and fitness, but his connection with the Roberts case and instrumentality in keeping the Utah polygamist out of congress furnish an added reason for his re-nomination and election. His defeat would be regarded by Mormon sympathizers as a rebuke from his constituents. As THE INDEPENDENT has said before, it is simple presumption for any one to oppose the nomination of Mr. Taylor.

Although feeling himself unequal to the strain of contest, Mr. Williams has thoughtfully furnished a candidate to take his place as Mr. Taylor's Republican opponent. At his earnest solicitation, Mr. Williams says, the Hon. C. C. Baker, of Alliance, has consented to enter the race, and adds, "I shall take great pleasure in giving him my cordial support." This is very kind of Mr. Williams and will doubtless be duly appreciated by Mr. Baker. Eighteenth district Republicans, however, have always hitherto been capable of selecting their own congressional candidates and would do so in this instance if it were necessary. Mr. Williams's officiousness should meet with deserved rebuke. Congressman Taylor will again be nominated and will be re-elected by the largest majority which he has yet received.

AMERICAN OPINION ON THE WAR.

The English press continues to show great interest in the nature of American sentiment and opinion regarding the war in South Africa. It may be safely said that the feeling of the American people is far more friendly toward the English people, whom they know, than toward the Boer people, who are strangers in the full sense. But at the same time American feeling is far more favorable toward the Boer cause than toward the English cause in this particular war. There is nothing paradoxical about this state of mind. The people of the United States have always been in sympathy with English Liberals rather than with English Tories. When the leading Liberals are candid enough, in the face of the war excitement, to say plainly that England is waging an unjust and improper war, with an unanswerable array of facts and arguments, it is not strange that Americans who are outside the influence of the war excitement and able, therefore, to look at the situation soberly, should adopt as their own the opinion of men like Morley, Bryce and Harcourt. There is indeed much racial fellow-feeling between England and the United States; but it must not be supposed that the family feeling is strong enough to blind us to the merits of a controversy. At least it is quite too much to suppose that such sympathy, growing out of a kinship and the possession of a common language and literature, would assert itself actively except upon occasions of magnitude. If England were in desperate conflict with a coalition of the great European powers, the English blood of America would be aroused quite irrespective of the nature of the quarrel that had led to the war—just as the German blood of America was excited to the utmost on behalf of Germany during the Franco-Prussian contest. —From "The Progress of the World," in the American Review of Reviews for March.

Rope Walking at Niagara.

The man who wanted to walk across Niagara Falls on a rope was wisely restrained by the authorities. Probably he is thankful that such was the case. Death commensurate enough. Take the inroads of disease for example. Common ailments like constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, malaria and nervousness, do much to shorten life. There is a medicine that will cure these, if taken faithfully, and that is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Set the stomach right, and good health is sure to follow. This peerless remedy has a record of over fifty years of cures to back it up. When in need of a medicine of this kind, get the old reliable Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, with a Private Revenue Stamp over the neck of the bottle.

ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

Even Bright's Disease is no Longer Considered Hopeless.

If you are suffering from kidney, bladder or uric acid trouble, and have despaired of getting help, you should try Swamp Root, the great kidney remedy. Every reader of THE INDEPENDENT may obtain a sample bottle free by mail, so you may test it for yourself and fully realize the truth of what your friends and fellow citizens say as regards its marvelous efficacy and worth.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root has been tested by thousands who stand high in this community. It is not recommended for everything, but if you have kidney, bladder or uric acid trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It brings back the rosy flush of health and strength; it is a purifier and re-builder, and is a boon to the weak and ailing.

To be confronted suddenly with the knowledge that Bright's disease had hold of one was, at one time, equivalent to hearing a death warrant read; but today, thanks to the discoveries of science and the researches of Dr. Kilmer, no case is entirely hopeless. Even those in advanced stages have been rescued and life prolonged by Swamp Root.

This great remedy is purely vegetable and contains nothing that could harm the most delicate child. It is pleasant to take and the regular fifty cent and one dollar sizes are sold by all druggists.

Send your name and address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and a sample bottle and a book telling all about Swamp Root and its wonderful cures will be sent to you free.

Ushers' benefit at the Armory, Thursday, March 1,—"Brown's in Town," a high class comedy, is the attraction.—This is a return date.

THE MURDER TRIAL.

The Case Continued Until
March 19.

A WITNESS IS MISSING.

The Trial of William Henderson on a Charge of Murdering John Hartong —Mrs Alice Williams, of Massillon, an Important Witness for the State, Suddenly Disappears.

CANTON, Feb. 26.—The trial of William Henderson, charged with the murder of John Hartong, commenced in common pleas court this morning, Judge McCarty presiding. The history of the crime for which Henderson is on trial, in brief, is as follows: On the night of December 2, 1897 three masked men broke into the house of John Hartong, in the village of Greentown, and demanded his money. The old man refused to give it up, and the burglars bound and gagged him. They burned his flesh with a lighted candle, struck him on the head with an iron wedge, and while he was unconscious ransacked the house in search of money the old man was supposed to have hidden on the premises, the robbers believing he had two thousand dollars. In a barrel containing oats they found \$600, and later found \$300 in a belt which the old man wore. During this time the men, in the belief that the old man was dead, as a result of their barbarous treatment, discussed the advisability of burning the building, with their victim, as a means of hiding their guilt. After securing the \$900 the burglars left the house, the old man still being securely bound to the bed, with scanty covering, and he remained in that condition until the afternoon of December 3, when neighbors visited the house and found him all but dead. Everything possible was done for him, but the shock was too great for one of his age to bear, and on the 9th he died, after carefully detailing all of the events of the night when he received such outrageous treatment.

A reward of \$600 was offered by the county commissioners for the capture of the murderers, and \$100 was added to this sum by a granddaughter, Mrs. Amos Williams, of Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. Among the bills stolen from Hartong was one of \$100. The presentation of a bill of that denomination to a Canton saloonkeeper in payment of a bill, led to other clues, and the indictment of Henderson by the grand jury followed. In the meantime, Henderson had been found guilty of complicity in the robbery of the Bender brothers, just west of Massillon, and in May, 1899, was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. He was brought here from Columbus last November for trial, but the case was postponed, and he was remanded to the penitentiary. While the counsel on either side have given no information as to the lines which will be followed in the trial, the state claims a chain of evidence will be submitted which will clearly prove the prisoner's guilt.

Prosecuting Attorney Day will be assisted by ex-Prosecutor Pomerene, who is thoroughly familiar with the case up to the present time, and Judge George E. Baldwin and James J. Grant will conduct the defense.

The case was called by Judge McCarty at 10:15 this morning, at which time the room was crowded with spectators and jurors. The prisoner was brought into court by Sheriff Zaiser and Turnkey Bowman. He wore his penitentiary trousers, but otherwise was dressed as an ordinary civilian, and his manner as he seated himself beside his attorneys was calm and unconcerned.

Prosecutor Day arose and in behalf of the state moved a continuance of the trial, stating that the most important witness for the prosecution had disappeared, and notwithstanding the efforts of the officers, his colleague, Mr. Pomerene, and himself, had not yet been located; without her testimony, he said he could not proceed with the trial, with safety to the state's case, and he therefore requested that the court adjourn until 1 o'clock this afternoon, when he would reduce the motion to its customary written form and would formally present it.

"Have the attorneys for the defense any objection to the adjourning of the court until 1 o'clock?" asked Judge McCarty.

A moment's conversation occurred between Messrs. Baldwin and Grant, and the question was then referred to the prisoner. The latter signified his willingness by a nod of the head, and court adjourned immediately.

It is rumored that the missing witness is Mrs. Alice Williams, of Massillon. She was one of the principal witnesses for the state at the trial in which Henderson was convicted of the Bender robbery, and it is said that her testimony will be required in the tracing of the \$100 bill which plays such an important part in the case. An attempt, it is said, was made last Wednesday to serve a subpoena on Mrs. Williams, but she could not be found.

Four of the jurors drawn in the original special venire of thirty-six could not be found. As required by law another special venire of eight was drawn, making forty in all. Following are the names of the eight drawn this morning: Geo. W. Neisz, Canton; Daniel Parr, Canton; Frank Alexander, Canton; Conrad Brumbaugh, Lake; Alfred Nichols, Alliance; Edwin J. Hamill, Massillon; Jacob Duprez, Nimishillen; George Heitsman, Alliance.

Pursuant to adjournment, court convened at 1 o'clock, and Prosecutor Day

made a formal request for a continuance of the case. In his statement he named Mrs. Alice Williams as the missing witness, on whose testimony the state placed great dependence, and further stated that efforts had been made to prevent the appearance of other witnesses wanted by the state, but that they had proved futile.

Judge Baldwin, for the defense, strenuously objected to a continuance of the case, saying that they were ready to proceed with the trial, and that any delay was an injustice to his client.

Judge McCarty granted a continuance of the case until Monday, March 19, cautioning the prosecutor to use all diligence in the meantime to secure the presence of Mrs. Williams, and further saying that he had been informed of efforts on the part of friends of the prisoner to keep witnesses for the prosecution from appearing.

The jurors drawn for the trial were ordered by Judge McCarty to appear in court on the morning of Monday, March 19, and a similar order was given to the witnesses already subpoenaed.

THE MISSING WITNESS.

Mrs. Williams Left Massillon Saturday, Ostensibly for Toledo.

Mrs. Alice Williams, whose failure to appear in court today caused a continuance of the trial of William Henderson on a charge of murder, conducts a saloon in Summit street. People connected with the saloon say that she left the city on Saturday, stating that she was first going to Toledo, that she did not know where she would go from there and that she did not know when she would return to Massillon.

COUNTY SEAT NEWS.

Massillon Men Defendants in a Suit Now Pending.

Henry W. Harter has filed a petition in common pleas court naming Frank Yengling and Perry Young as defendants. The plaintiff alleges that the first named defendant became indebted to him in a certain amount some time ago. In an action for the recovery of the same before the late Justice Folger, in Massillon, he was awarded a judgment of \$90.05. The defendant is said to be possessed of some right and interest in certain land in Perry township, upon which execution was levied. Plaintiff alleges that to defraud him, said Frank Yengling caused this property to be conveyed to said Perry Young, claims that the conveyance was illegal and should be set aside, prays that his claim be declared the only valid and subsisting first lien, and that said interests of the first named defendant be sold for the adjudication of his claim.

William Henderson, whose trial for the murder of John Hartong, has been continued till March 19, will not be taken back to the penitentiary, but will await the date in the county jail.

R. N. Ball, one of the court house janitors, has resigned his position. The county commissioners have appointed George Schaffert, of Canton, a former Massillonian, as his successor.

A marriage license has been granted to Robert Featheringham and Alice Lipps, of Massillon.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Isaac M. Taggart to S. Burd, part lot 118, third ward, Massillon, \$5,000.
Michael Flinn to Michael E. Flinn, 12 1/2 100 acres, Lawrence township.
D. W. Kesh to Henry Reed, lot 109, Wilmot, \$835.

COUNTY SEAT NEWS.

Alliance Man Wants Damages for Defamation of Character.

CANTON, Feb. 28.—George W. Miller, of Alliance, has begun suit in common pleas court against Thomas Wilson for \$2,000 for libel. W. M. Roach filed the petition. The plaintiff alleges that while he was acting as a member of the police force of the city of Alliance he arrested a son of the defendant for disorderly conduct, and that on his hearing the latter pleaded guilty. This act, he says, gained him the enmity of the defendant, who circulated certain papers containing statements concerning the plaintiff that were exceedingly malicious and which were calculated to injure the plaintiff in the opinion of his fellow citizens.

Final account has been filed in the estate of Mary S. King, of Massillon.

Andrew Kryer has been appointed administrator in the estate of Frances E. Kryer, of Perry township.

A marriage license has been granted to John Latham and Victoria Alden, of Massillon.

BY A BROKEN BOTTLE.

William Nicewander Painfully Injured at the Glass Works.

William Nicewander, a blower at Reed & Company's glass works, sustained a painful injury while at work on Monday evening. One of the carrying boys attempted to throw a broken bottle to the glass pile. It struck Mr. Nicewander, who was standing near by, on the left side of his head, almost severing the lower portion of his ear and badly gashing his neck. The bottle being hot at the time caused severe burns. The injured man is now resting easily at his home in Jarvis avenue.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. Cheney for the last 13 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & THUAX,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

GOVERNOR OF OREGON
Uses Pe-ru-na in His Family
For Colds and Grip.

CAPITOL BUILDING, SALEM, OREGON.

A Letter From the Executive Office of Oregon.

The Governor of Oregon is an ardent admirer of Pe-ru-na. He keeps it continually in the house. In a recent letter to Dr. Hartman he says:

STATE OF OREGON,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
SALEM, May 9, 1898.

The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O.:
Dear Sirs:—I have had occasion to use your Pe-ru-na medicine in my family for colds, and it proved to be an excellent remedy. I have not had occasion to use it for other ailments.

Yours very truly, W. M. Lord.
Any man who wishes perfect health must be entirely free from catarrh. Catarrh is well-nigh universal; almost omnipresent. Pe-ru-na is the only absolute safeguard known. A cold is the beginning of catarrh. To prevent colds, to cure colds, is to cheat catarrh of its victims. Pe-ru-na not only cures catarrh, but prevents. Every household should be supplied with this great remedy for colds, coughs and so forth.

It will be noticed that the Governor says he has not had occasion to use Pe-ru-na for other ailments. The reason for this is, most other ailments begin with a cold. Using Pe-ru-na to promptly cure colds, he protects his family against other ailments. This is exactly what every other family in the United States should do. Keep Pe-ru-na in the house. Use it for colds, coughs, la grippe, and other climatic affections of winter, and there will be no other ailments in the house. Such families should provide themselves with a copy of Dr. Hartman's free book, entitled "Winter Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

J. CLUTZ FOR MAYOR

Democrats Finally Find a Candidate.

CAUCUS TUESDAY EVENING

In the Language of One of Those Present, It Was "Alarmingly Quiet"—A Man Turns Up for Every Office But One—The Ticket as It Stands.

Ex-Mayor Tobias Schott, who presided at the Tuesday evening caucus of the local Democracy, in Squire Frantz's office, said there was harmony in the party. He also remarked that Democrats were readers. A few of his fellows looked askance at him, but all were silent. There were 31 persons present. Constable T. W. Morgan acted as secretary. Solicitor Young waxed eloquent during the evening, making two speeches, each time declaring that success awaited the party, and that it must come to the relief of the institutions of the country. He referred to the Clark local option bill as a summary measure, and included its passage among the things that are to bring victory to the "unwashed." Councilman Peter Smith made remarks of a similar character.

When Central Committeeman E. J. Creedon was called upon for a speech, he was facetiously referred to as "The Richard Croker of Bechtelheim township." Mr. Creedon did not make a lengthy address, "I'm not making any cracks tonight," said he, by way of apology. "Like Bolivar, on election day you know where I'll be." A score of others spoke, though the burden of their remarks was mainly that they "had nothing much to say."

It was decided that nominations for the various offices should not close until Monday afternoon. There is still a vacancy, and in some cases there are two candidates, neither of whom have been consulted in regard to the matter. The primary election will be held on March 10.

The nominations made at the caucus are as follows:

For mayor—Josiah J. Clutz.
For councilmen—First ward, Harry Markel; second ward, Christian Howald; third ward, Joseph Schneider, sr., and George Sweir; fourth ward, John Haag.
For assessors—First ward, John ("Jid") Kohl; second ward, Peter Gannon and William J. Minnich; third ward, no candidate; fourth ward, Peter Schneider; Massillon precinct, Louis Burdell; Richville precinct, Fred Oakleaf and W. A. Rohn.

For members of board of education—E. E. Fox and Cyrus Stoner.

For township trustee—Cyrus Smith.

For township clerk—W. A. Sonnhalter and J. J. Altland.

For constables—Thomas W. Morgan and L. H. Bamberger.

WILL CLUTZ STAND?

Says He Did Not Authorize Presentation of His Name.

Josiah Clutz, whom the Democrats have nominated for mayor, stated Wednesday that his name had gone before the Tuesday evening caucus without his consent, and that he was by no means certain that he would allow it to go on the ticket. The outlook is no more alluring to Mr. Clutz than it was to the numerous other possibilities who hustled so to get out of reach. Mr. Clutz is a member of the board of workhouse trustees, and is an ex-county commissioner. A report that William Wenzel, the painter, of 13 North street, had been nominated for mayor by the Democrats, became current this morning. Mr. Wenzel heard the report and believed it. He called at the office of THE INDEPENDENT in the course of the morning and stated that he was undecided as to whether he would accept the nomination.

WILLIAMS WITHDRAWS.

He Decided He Did Not Possess "Particular Elements of Strength."

The following is the card issued by the Hon. S. J. Williams, of Alliance, announcing his withdrawal from the contest for congressional honors in the Eighteenth district:

To the Republicans of the Eighteenth Congressional District of Ohio:

Having recently authorized the announcement of my name as a candidate for the congressional nomination in this district, upon my return from the South I made a pretty careful canvass of the three counties comprising the district. After consulting with the various interests affected I have decided that I am not the most available man to unite the opposition to Congressman Taylor for a fourth term. Hence, I withdraw my name from the contest, thanking the many friends who have tendered me their support.

After conferring with a number of the leading Republicans of Columbiana county I have become convinced that Hon. Charles C. Baker of Alliance, who was, however, long an honored resident of that county, and one of its most energetic and successful Republican workers, is an available candidate for the position and possesses peculiar elements of strength for making a canvass for this nomination under existing circumstances. As he has consented to become a candidate I shall take great pleasure in giving him my cordial support.

Respectfully,
S. J. WILLIAMS.

EDWARDS FIGHTS ANOTHER.
Black Eyes for all Who Do Not Sympathize With His Son.

DALTON, Feb. 26.—"Frisco Jim," who comes from no one knows where once a year to do sign-painting about the village, rubbed his hands gleefully when Howell Edwards told him about the manner in which Schoolmaster Hoover had thrashed his 12-year old son. "I'm glad to hear it," said he, "I only wish Hoover'd turn himself loose on all the 'kids' in town." The blow that Mr. Edwards handed the sign-painter would have felled an ox. "Frisco Jim" is still suffering from the effects of it. The village is now well divided upon the child-beating question. The party believing that young Edwards deserved the whipping he received is growing stronger, and has advised "Frisco Jim" to take his troubles into court, but as yet he has not consented to do so. He spoke from the bottom of his heart when he made his remark on the youth matter, for the boys of the town lead him a most miserable existence. Mr. Edwards, sr., has apologized to Janitor Stamp, it is said, for having given the latter cause for knocking him into a gutter.

Dr. C. E. Livingston, of Dayton, who visits his numerous patients in Massillon every four weeks, does not come here to conflict in any way with the home physician. The doctor comes to this city in the interest of those special cases that need specialists to tell them of their ailment, not those of any ordinary practice. Dr. Livingston reads you like a book. He needs no instruction or questioning as to your case, but with that natural ability made perfect by long years of experience, he diagnoses a case with absolute certainty. The doctor will be at the Hotel Conrad, Massillon, on March 7 and 8. Call and consult him free.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Massillon, February 27, 1900:

LADIES.

Kohl, Mrs. Chas. M.

MEN.

Brown, D. Adna

Davis, F. B.

Denan, Isaac

Dorrit, Isaac

Erth, Frank

Mortenson, F.

Reese, J. B.

Taylor, Geo. G.

Thompson, John R.

White, Evelyn

Persons calling for the above named letters will please say advertised.

FELIX R. SHEPLEY, P. M.

Great opportunity offered to good, reliable men. Salary of \$15 per week and expenses for man with rig to introduce our Poultry Mixture and Insect Destroyer in the country. Send stamp, American Mfg. Co. Terre Haute, Ind.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

Glarence Royer is visiting friends in Norwalk.

Godfrey Mausz is seriously ill at his home in Cherry street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Evey, of Bellefontaine, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lee F. Graybill.

Mrs. Frank Lynn, of Garrett, Ind., is the guest of Mrs. William Sorg, in South East street.

The C. L. & W. has completed its new storage siding at Columbia. It will accommodate 150 cars.

Mrs. Harry Birch, of Chicago, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Reanick, in North Mill street.

News has been received of the marriage of Miss Ella Robinson, formerly of Massillon, to William Smith, of Pittsburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Pocock left this morning for a trip to Mexico. They will return on April 1, and on April 18 will sail for Europe.

Mrs. Henry Nonamaker gave an old-fashioned quilting bee at her Green street home Tuesday evening, a large number of friends and neighbors attending.

Pharez Brenner, who was badly kicked by a horse at Joseph Eschliman's sale, near North Lawrence, on Friday, has about recovered from the accident. Mr. Brenner resides west of the city.

A number of Massillonians attended the masquerade ball given at the Kelly hotel, in Navarre, by James Define and E. Drectka, Tuesday evening. The first prize for the handsomest gown was awarded to Miss Drectka, of Navarre.

Harry H. Hill, ex-street commissioner of Canton, and deservedly popular in all parts of the county, is out as a candidate for nomination for county commissioner, on the Republican ticket, his announcement appearing in another column of this paper.

Conductor George Steiber, of the Pennsylvania railway, well known in this city, was instantly killed in the Crestline yards Tuesday evening. An east bound passenger struck him, throwing him under the wheels of an engine passing on the other track.

The result of the Welsh musical and literary entertainment held at Alliance on Washington's birthday was \$500. This amount is to be used toward the establishment of a public library. A committee has been appointed to take the project in hand.

D. R. Webber, H. E. Johnston, R. Thompson, J. D. Wetmore, L. C. Conold and Chief H. C. Warren, train dispatcher on the Wheeling & Lake Erie railway, have taken up their residence at the Hotel Sailer. Messrs. Conold and Warren are accompanied by their wives.

Ada C. Lomady, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lomady, formerly of this city, and George McCracken, of Allegheny, were married Thursday, February 22, by the Rev. W. Ryan, of St. Peter's Cathedral. Mr. and Mrs. McCracken will live in Allegheny.

A St. Paul newspaper announces the marriage of Miss Anna L. Guthrie to Warren M. Bicknell, of Cleveland, formerly of Massillon, which occurred in St. Paul on February 19. Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell will make their home in Middletown O., where Mr. Bicknell is now in business.

Hamilton S. Graham, a well known resident of New Berlin, is announced as a candidate for county commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Graham is heartily endorsed by the Republicans of his own township, and if nominated will prove a strong candidate.

John W. Latham and Miss Victoria L. Alden were married at the parsonage of St. John's Evangelical church at 8 o'clock Tuesday evening by the Rev. J. E. Digel. The bride is a daughter of Mrs. Rose Alden. The groom is employed in Stahl's meat market. Mr. and Mrs. Latham will reside in Massillon.

The marriage of Robert Featheringham and Miss Alice Lipps occurred at the West South street home of the bride at 7:30 o'clock Tuesday evening, the Rev. J. E. Digel officiating. The wedding was followed by a reception, among the guests being many from Canton Mr. and Mrs. Featheringham will reside at 78 Clay street.

The funeral of the late Philip Senff, whose death occurred at Mt. Eaton on Tuesday, took place in the Mt. Eaton Reformed church on Thursday at 10 a. m., the Rev. Mr. Sprinkle, of Wilmot, officiating. Interment was made in West Lawn cemetery. Mr. Senff was a pioneer resident of Plain township.

John McGowan, on trial at Ravenna on a charge of murdering Nathan K. Goss, a merchant at Endinburg, Portage county, in December last, was found guilty of murder in the first degree, the jury recommending mercy. Dan Snyder, charged with complicity in the killing of Goss, will be tried early in March.

Mrs. Harmon Truby, who resides west of Pigeon Run, was on her way to Massillon Saturday morning, when on the hill near "Blue Shutters" bridge, west of the city, the king bolt on the vehicle broke, causing the latter to break down. Mrs. Truby's right arm was broken. She was taken to her home, where she is now resting easily.

Fifteen Massillonians attended a dance and cake walk given in Johnson's hall, at North Lawrence, Tuesday evening, by the Good Templars. The cake walk was won by Jacob Scheerhag, of Massillon, and Miss Carrie Thomas, of East Greenville. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Mosop, formerly of this city, were successful in the prize waltz.

Even the watchdog of the farm is feeling the effects of the good times. "It

used to be," remarked a township official today, "that every other meeting the trustees were called upon to settle a claim or two for sheep killed. Nothing of the sort happens any more, and this leads me to believe that it is because all dogs are well fed nowadays, which has so tamed them that they now lie down with the lambs."

The soliciting committee of St. John's Evangelical church, at work obtaining the wherewithal for improvements to cost \$15,000, has thus far obtained subscriptions aggregating \$6,000. About \$4,000 is needed for the addition to the church to be known as the Sunday school room. The other \$5,000 will be used to make improvements and alterations in the interior of the church.

Sunday morning specials say that Levi R. Miller, of Burke, Idaho, a former resident of Massillon, who was night watch man at the Tiger-Poorman mine during the mining trouble in Idaho, was before the industrial commission at Washington on Saturday. Mr. Miller testified that he witnessed the capture of a train on April 29, but that he had no connection with the affair. He says he was thrown into the "bull pen," being driven there at the point of a bayonet by a colored soldier.

Beach City has a warm contest on in regard to the extension of the corporate limits of the village, and the question will get into court, according to present reports. County Surveyor Hoover is preparing a plat of the territory which the advocates of extension want annexed to the village. Several property owners of land now contiguous to the town which it is sought to make a part of the town, declare themselves opposed to the project and say they will fight it. The question is to come before the county commissioners next week.—Canton Repository.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

LEONARD STUCKER.
Leonard Stucker died shortly before 3 o'clock this afternoon at his home, at No. 122 South Mill street.

Funeral services for the late Leonard Stucker, whose death was announced yesterday, will be held in St. Mary's Catholic church at 8:30 o'clock Friday morning, the Rev. H. V. Kaempfer officiating. Mr. Stucker was 65 years old, and leaves a wife and four children. The latter are Mrs. Elizabeth Sibila and Miss Laura Stucker, of this city; Leo Stucker, of Barborton, and Frank Stucker, whose present address is unknown.

Mr. Stucker was a native of Alsace-Lorraine, Germany. He came to this country when but nine years old, and first made his home in Canton. His marriage to Miss Elizabeth Arnold took place in Randolph, O., in 1862. He was a resident of Massillon for thirty years, and was an employe of Russell & Company for many years. The cause of death was grip, with which he was ill but a week. The deceased was a member of Branch No. 4, C. M. B. A., which society will attend the funeral in a body.

ARCHITECT IS DELIGHTED.

Site for New Brewery Could Hardly be Improved Upon.

William Grieser, of Chicago, the architect engaged by J. W. Schuster, who will, in the spring, begin the erection of a new brewery in North West street, was in the city, the other day, looking over the site, and consulting with Mr. Schuster in regard to certain features of the plans. From the two plans first submitted by Mr. Grieser, Mr. Schuster has taken what he considers the best, and the plan on which the architect is now at work will be superior in every respect to the others. Mr. Grieser was delighted with the location for the brewery. The dimensions of the tract are such that he will be able to place everything so as to appear to the very best advantage.

GREATER PART GOLD.

Local Treasurers Receive Money from County Officials.

City Treasurer P. Kirchhofer and Township Treasurer Aaron Graber have brought to Massillon from the county treasury the money apportioned to city and township, respectively. The greater part of it is in gold. The city received \$32,000, and the township a trifle over \$10,000. Business men about the city say that for several weeks past there has been more gold in circulation in the city than in any other like period in their recollection.

Lost a Finger.

Charles Garver, residing west of town, had his left hand caught between two pieces of coal, yesterday, in the Pocock mine. The amputation of the middle finger was necessary. The operation was performed by Dr. J. F. Gardner.

"It is an Ill Wind That Blows Nobody Good."

That small ache or pain or weakness is the "ill wind" that directs your attention to the necessity of purifying your blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then your whole body receives good, for the purified blood goes tingling to every organ. It is the great remedy for all ages and both sexes.

Dyspepsia — "Complicated with liver and kidney trouble, I suffered for years from dyspepsia, with severe pains. Hood's Sarsaparilla made me strong and hearty." J. B. Emerton, Auburn, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver (ills); the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A QUARTER CENTURY

Married and a Minister for That Time.

AT THE FAITH CHAPEL.

A Large Number of Friends Respond to Invitations and Gather to Commemorate Two Anniversaries—Services Conducted by the Rev. Mr. Meyer, of Canton.

On February 28, 1875, the Rev. G. W. Lose, pastor of Faith Lutheran chapel, was ordained, having just been graduated from the Capital university, at Columbus. On May 6, 1875, the Rev. Mr. Lose and Miss Catherine Sowash were united in marriage at a suburb of Greensburg, Pa. In commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of these two important events, appropriate services were held in the chapel, followed by a reception at the parsonage, in Grant street, Tuesday evening. The original plan was to hold the celebration on Wednesday, but this being the first day of Lent, a change was made. Besides the members of the congregation, many others were present.

The services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Meyer, of Canton. Addresses were made by the Rev. L. H. Barry, of St. Paul's Lutheran church, and the Rev. Mr. Schillinger, of Canal Fulton. Letters of congratulation were read from friends unable to be present, and several original poems, composed by friends to fit the occasion, were recited. An excellent musical programme was carried out. Ernest Blitner and Frank Lose accompanied the vocalists on their cornets, and also played several fine duets and solos. A graphophone was a source of much entertainment.

The Rev. and Mrs. Lose have been residents of Massillon since last fall, when Mr. Lose was called to Faith chapel. Mr. Lose is one of the most prominent members of the Ohio Lutheran ministry. He is the editor of numerous religious papers, and is a well-known lecturer. Scarcely a week passes that he does not receive a request to speak in some college or city.

DISTRICT CONVENTION.

Republicans of the Eighteenth District to Meet at Alliance.

The following call for a meeting of the Republicans of the Eighteenth Congressional district has been issued by the executive committee:

At a meeting of the Republican Congressional Committee of said district representing the counties of Stark, Mahoning and Columbiana, it was decided to hold the next Republican Congressional Convention in the city of Alliance, on the 17th day of April, 1900, said convention to be called to order at 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for congress and to select a presidential elector, delegates and alternates to the national Republican convention at Philadelphia.

The basis of representation shall be the Republican vote for governor in the year 1899, one delegate to every 100 Republican votes so cast for governor, and one delegate for every fraction thereof over 50 votes.

It was also decided that under this apportionment, Mahoning county is entitled to 62, Columbiana to 81 and Stark to 108 delegates. Therefore, the Republicans of said counties are herewith requested to select, at such times, and in such manner as may be deemed proper, the above number of delegates, and a like number of alternates to represent them in said convention.

I. B. CAMERON, Chairman,
Ed. A. KING, Secretary.

Public Sales.

At 9 a. m. Monday, March 5, John J. Weller, executor, will offer for sale at the late residence of John McIntosh, deceased, in West Tremont street, Massillon, one piano, parlor set, stand, tables, lounge, sewing machine, steel range, four stoves, crocks, jars, and a variety of household articles. At 1 p. m. of same day, will be offered for sale on the farm of the late John McIntosh, five miles southwest of Massillon, and two miles north of Navarre, 23 head of cattle, 1 good general purpose mare, 70 chickens, 4 fat hogs, 2 sows, 6 good shots, top buggy, spring wagon, harness, corn grinder, hay by the ton, corn and oats by the bushel, and many other articles. A credit of eight months will be given on sums over \$3.00. R. C. Foltz, auctioneer.

Michael Riehl will offer at public sale at his residence, 34 miles west of Massillon, near the Dublin school, on Friday, March 10, two good mares, two cows, 150 chickens, hay by the ton, corn and potatoes by the bushel, plows, harrows, cultivators, work and buggy harness, wind mill, feed cutter, picket fence machine, forks, shovels, etc. A credit of nine months will be given on all sums of \$5.00 and over. On same date he will offer for sale his farm of 38 acres; choice land with all necessary buildings in good repair, house of 7 rooms; large barn conveniently arranged; a young apple orchard and abundance of other fruit trees and grapes; running water on the farm. Sale to commence at 12 o'clock. R. C. Foltz, auctioneer.

On Thursday, March 23, at 10 o'clock, Henry J. Lomas, sr., will offer at public sale at his residence, 24 miles northeast of Navarre and 5 miles southwest of Massillon, 4 horses, 11 head of cattle, 20 Shropshire sheep, brood sow; 3 shots; 2 broad tire wagons, Buckeye binder, sulky corn plow, hay loader, hay tedder, grain drill, hay ladders, plows, harrows, grain cart, top buggy, potato hillier, draft and buggy harness, household furniture, lot of potatoes, chickens, etc. A credit of seven months on sums of \$5 and over. R. C. Foltz, auctioneer. Edward Walker, clerk.



No other aid so great to the housewife, no other agent so useful and certain in making delicious, pure and wholesome foods, has ever been devised.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

There are imitation baking powders, sold cheap, by many grocers. They are made from alum, a poisonous drug, which renders the food injurious to health.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

NEARBY TOWN NEWS.

NEWS OF NEWMAN.

NEWMAN, Feb. 28.—John Krick, of Applecreek, is visiting relatives in the village this week.

John Grant has moved into the Moylan property, near the brick works.

Wm. Rummus attended the Republican central committee meeting at Canton last Saturday, and voted in favor of the old method of electing congressional delegates.

We notice there is some prospect of a new cabinet office being formed exclusively for the mining industry. While we heartily appreciate the interest manifested in behalf of our craft, yet we believe that to make the bureau more general and include all labor industries would be the better plan, and would certainly meet the approval of the laboring class. All the industries could then be classified and recognized under the same head. The national labor bureau as it is at present constituted, is of very little benefit to the laboring classes of the country, its functions being merely to collate statistics. What labor requires is to be in a position to wield some influence in their own behalf through legislation, and it would prove a worthy recognition by the administration of the laboring men to permit them to take part in the councils and deliberations of the cabinet.

The township trustees will meet in Canal Fulton on Monday, March 5th, for their annual settlement. All who have claims against the township should present them at that time.

GREEN OAK GLEANINGS.

GREEN OAK, Feb. 27.—Mrs. Belle Wynn has been seriously ill for the past week, but is better at this writing.

Anthony Arnold and family started last week for Nebraska, where they will make their future home.

The young folks of this place gathered at the home of Arnold Cheyney last Saturday evening, and spent the evening in playing games, eating taffy and other sports.

Carpet rag sewings have been all the rage for the past three weeks. Nearly every week the ladies of the neighborhood gather at the homes of some of their neighbors and spend the time in chatting and sewing rags. They are gathering today at the home of Mrs. Morrow.

The teachers' institute, which was held here last Tuesday evening, proved a success.

Mrs. Mary Arnold is slowly recovering, after a long illness.

The literary exercises at Silver Hill schoolhouse were attended by a very large crowd.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

MAVSVILLE, Feb. 26.—The literary at the schoolhouse Wednesday night was not attended by as large a crowd as usual on account of the bad weather.

John Fisher, who has been visiting with L. A. Sauvain and family, has returned to his home in Wooster.

Guy Grosjean, who has been working in Akron, is again at his home here.

Glen Davidson has gone into the trapping business. He has purchased a fine trapping outfit.

Albert Orriller, of Orrville, is visiting his parents and brothers at this place.

Jacob and Silas Herman were in town Thursday.

Mrs. Girard is sick at this writing. Harvey Grow is able to be around again.

Clayton Cunningham is on the sick list. Peter Hostetter, of Sonneberg, visited J. D. Davidson on Thursday.

Jacob Dilgard, while on his way to

WOOSTER THURSDAY, met with what might have been a serious accident.

Meeting an engine on the way the horses took fright and ran up a steep embankment, upsetting the buggy and throwing the occupants into the mud. Mr. Dilgard, himself, not wishing to walk into town held to the horses and was dragged in the mud for a short distance before the team was stopped. Fortunately, no one was hurt.

James Tissot was in town Friday.

MT. EATON NOTES.

MT. EATON, Feb. 26.—Mrs. Mackmart visited in Fredericksburg Saturday and Sunday.

R. A. Lucas made a business trip to Massillon on Saturday.

A. Bell was obliged to resign his position as teacher in district No. 3, owing to sickness. Mrs. Ella Eding will teach the balance of the term.

P. D. Senff, of Wooster; Harmon Senff, of Orrville, and Franklin Senff, of Paris, O., were called here to attend the funeral of their father, Phillip Senff, last Thursday.

Mrs. J. W. Stansbury, of Orrville, visited friends here a few days last week.

Miss Susie Walters, of Pigeon Run, is visiting near town, the guest of Miss Emma Rengseger.

Louis Hagg was married to Miss Stutz on February 22.

C. Mar-hall Lowe delivered a lecture in the Reformed church Friday evening to a small audience.

Charles Haag, of Orrville, was in town a few days last week.

CAMP CREEK NOTES.

CAMP CREEK, March 1.—Miss Verna Hensel, of Richville, is spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, near Elton.

Lewis Dennings expects to move to the Wastler farm, near Justus.

A dance will be held at the Pigeon Run hall next Saturday evening.

Brush College school closed its literary society last Friday evening. The house was filled to its utmost capacity.

Services will be held at the Cross Roads next Sunday.

Marion Stoner, while employed on the saw mill in Jerry Stoner's woods, met with a painful accident on Monday. His hand came in contact with the saw and a finger was severed from his hand.

The celebration of Washington's birthday was held at the Chapel school Thursday evening. The programme was well rendered.

Mrs. Annie Trubey and daughter, Daisy, while returning from Massillon Saturday, met with an accident. Driving out West Tremont street their horse became frightened and upsetting the vehicle threw the occupants out. Mrs. Trubey's arm was broken, but her daughter escaped unhurt.

BENTLEY BRIEFS.

BENTLEY, March 1.—Mrs. Rosa Wampler had a sale on Wednesday. Brenner & Son were the auctioneers.

Amos and Paul Wampler have returned from Michigan. It is reported that they expect to take up their residence there with their families in the near future.

Miss Nellie Snively was given a surprise party at her home last Saturday, in honor of her sixteenth birthday anniversary. The guests numbered twenty-five and were from Bentley and vicinity.

There was no Sunday school last Sunday on account of the unusually cold weather.

"Catch the opportunity." By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now you may build up your health and prevent serious illnesses.

1,000,000 DEATHS!

From Cholera During the Past Year.

The Germs of This Fatal Disease are Lurking Everywhere! Thousands of Dollars Saved by This Wonderful Discovery.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been lost in the poultry business on account of the devastation among the flocks, caused by cholera, roup, gape and other fatal diseases. There have been many remedies advanced, but none seem to be so successful as the American Poultry Mixture. This will cure chickens in the last stage of cholera and roup, and is excellent for gapes. Do your fowls suffer from violent diarrhoea, drooping of the wings, stupor or excessive thirst? These are the first symptoms of cholera. Cholera is a germ disease, and being infectious, spreads rapidly through the entire flock. Take time by the forelock; don't stop to experiment with unreliable or untried remedies. Use this mixture at once and the sanitary measures they recommend in connection. Don't give the fowls up. Cholera is a terrible disease but this remedy cures it every time. It is also guaranteed for roup, which can be told by hoarse breathing, swelled eyes, discharge at the nostrils, resembling catarrh. Fifty dollars is offered for any case the mixture will not cure. If some of your fowls are diseased it will prevent the rest from catching it. Try it. It is cheap, reliable and effective; a scientific preparation, goes more than three times as far as any other remedy; does more good than all of them combined. It is used and endorsed by the most experienced and largest breeders of plain and fancy poultry in all parts of the world. The manufacturers guarantee every package or refund purchase money. If your druggist don't sell American Poultry Mixture, he's behind the age. In that case send \$1.00 for sample box to American Mfg. Co., Terre Haute, Ind.

A Night of Terror.

"A fearful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burnham, of Machias, Me., when the doctors said she could not live till morning," writes Mrs. S. Lincoln, who attended her that fearful night. "All thought she must soon die from pneumonia, but she begged for Dr. King's New Discovery, saying it had more than once saved her life, and had cured her of consumption. After three small doses she slept easily all night, and its further use completely cured her." This marvelous medicine is guaranteed to cure all throat, chest and lung diseases. Only 50c and \$1. Trial bottles free at Z. T. Bantz's drug store.

Cold Steel or Death.

"There is but one small chance to save your life and that is through an operation," was the awful prospect set before Mrs. I. B. Hunt, of Lime Ridge, Wis., by her doctor after vainly trying to cure her of a frightful case of stomach trouble and yellow jaundice. He didn't count on the marvelous power of Electric Bitters to cure stomach and liver troubles, but she heard of it, took seven bottles, was wholly cured, avoided surgeon's knife, now weighs more and feels better than ever. It's positively guaranteed to cure stomach, liver and kidney troubles and never disappoints. Price 50c at Z. T. Bantz's drug store.

A Frightful Blunder

will often cause a horrible burn, scald, cut or bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures all sores, fever sores, ulcers, boils, fclons, corns, all skin eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. Only 25c a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Z. T. Bantz, druggist.

AN ELUSIVE BONANZA

THE STORY OF THE LOST LODE OF GORE RANGE.

How a Tenderfoot Accidentally Discovered This Wonderful Bank of Gold and Why He Didn't Enjoy the Riches Thereof.

They were telling mining stories in the courthouse, and Dee Reese, the lawyer, asked:

"Did you ever hear of the lost lode of the Gore range?"

The other lawyers sitting around him said they had never heard of it and then waited for him to begin. Mr. Reese borrowed a fresh chew of tobacco and told this story:

"Hundreds of experienced and inexperienced miners have spent a great deal of time and money looking for the lost lode of the Gore range, and they are searching for it yet. This famous mine was found and lost in the fall of 1896. A party of men from Iowa visited Routt county, Colo., in the fall of 1896 on a hunting and fishing trip. The party made its headquarters at Steamboat Springs. In the latter part of October the party moved up and went into camp on Rock creek, in the Gore range of mountains, which runs through northern Colorado. One of the party was a druggist, who had gone on the trip for his health. He knew nothing of mining. He had been warned by an old miner before he left Iowa not to be fooled, as many a tenderfoot had been, by what is known as 'fool's gold,' or iron pyrites. So this druggist paid no attention to the rocks, but attended strictly to his hunting and fishing.

"One afternoon while hunting for deer he started a fire-buck and fired at him and wounded him. The buck fell, but got up and ran before the druggist could get to him. Where he fell was a pool of blood, which showed that he was badly wounded. The hunter trailed him by the blood spots on the dead leaves and grass for a mile and there found where the buck had lain down and then rising had gone on again. In this way the chase continued until sundown, and then the hunter, who was exhausted, sat down on an outcropping ledge of rocks to rest.

"In the enthusiasm of the chase he had not noted which way he traveled, and he realized that he was lost in the heavily timbered mountains, with night coming on. He knew it would be useless to try and find the camp that night, so he gathered a pile of dead limbs and kindled a fire against the ledge of rocks and laid down with his feet to the blaze and prepared to sleep. While lying there he noticed the rocks sparkled in the firelight. He got up and examined it, supposing it was the 'fool's gold' he had been warned against. But the rock looked so pretty that he broke off several pieces and put them in the pocket of his hunting coat, intending to carry them back to Iowa with him as curiosities.

"The next day he wandered all the forenoon, and then found the Gore pass road over the range and followed it to the camp. That very afternoon a regular mountain snowstorm began, and the party broke camp, returned to Steamboat Springs and from there went east.

"The druggist, whose name I have forgotten, staid in Denver for a few days on his way to his home in Iowa. In the lobby of a hotel in Denver the talk drifted to mining, and the druggist mentioned the specimens of stone he had found and was taking home. An old miner never misses a chance to examine a specimen and in this group in the hotel lobby was an old prospector. He asked to be shown the specimens. The druggist went to his room, fished up the old hunting coat from the bottom of his trunk and took out the piece of stone. The miner examined it closely and exclaimed:

"Ma, that's the richest specimen of gold bearing quartz I have ever seen!"

"The druggist thought at first that he was being joked with, but at last the old miner induced him to take the specimens to Burlingame, the best assayer in Denver. Burlingame assayed a piece of the quartz and reported that it yielded gold at the rate of \$17,000 to the ton. The druggist was not satisfied. He submitted another piece of the quartz to another expert assayer and got a report that it yielded gold at the rate of \$15,000 to the ton.

"The druggist returned at once to Steamboat Springs, but there was snow in the mountains. He went back to Iowa and returned to the Gore range the next spring and has spent every summer since then looking for the lost lode, and others have searched for it, too, but no trace of it has been found."

—Kansas City Star.

Don't Be Selfish.
Don't live for yourself, and do not be afraid of diminishing your own happiness by promoting that of others. He who labors wholly for the benefit of others, and, as it were, forgets himself, is far happier than the man who makes himself the sole object of all his affections and exertions.

The original word translated apothecary in the Bible is believed by some authorities to be better translated by perfumer.

THE LOWER SHELF.

When from the clutter I retire
And close my study door behind,
A chair is wheeled before the fire—
A thoughtful hand has drawn the blind.
Then o'er the shelves I range my eye,
Where volumes mix with pipes and delf,
The stately pompous fellows—high;
The ragged-on the lower shelf.

They line my study's narrow wall,
These friends to whom for rest I come,
I cannot say I know them all,
But this I'll swear—I worship some.
And would you know the poets I serve
With love that's well-nigh worthy self,
Glance, stranger, o'er the shabby curve
That bulges on the lower shelf.

You mount a somewhat shabby chair;
You point to princely tomes above,
But where's the book a man can love?
Ah, leave the grand ones, I beseech!
They do but conjure thoughts of self,
While these untidy beggars reach
To heaven from the lower shelf.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

A CURIOSITY OF ALASKA.

Beaches Formed by Driftwood From All Over the World.

One of the greatest curiosities noted by travelers in Alaska is the wonderful haven of driftwood on the coast between Yakutat and Kyak islands, some 1,200 or 1,500 miles northeast from Seattle. The constant deposit of logs and driftwood in this particular spot, which has been going on for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years, is due to the phenomena of the tides, the Pacific gulf stream, the mysterious ocean currents and the peculiar formation of the shore lines at that point.

Logs and timbers are readily identified there as having come from Japan, China, India and other parts of Asia, as well as from California, Washington and other parts of the American continent. There are fine logs of the camphor tree, the mahogany, the redwood and the pine in this driftage. Some of those from the state of Washington contain the names of the men who felled the trees and of the sawmills for which they were destined, but never reached. Logs eight feet in diameter are in this novel woodyard, and some entire trees 150 feet long are there, uplifted by the roots, cast into the sea by some terrible tempest and sent floating round the world. Other persons on the beach descried big trees floating shoreward, with fantastic roots above the waves like some sea monster. One beach after another has been formed by the floating timbers, and a little distance back from the shore the deposits are so old that the wood in some places is petrified, while a little deeper in the earth it has turned into coal. The new logs are without bark and as hard as stone, due, it is thought, to their long immersion in salt water. They have all taken on a whitish appearance. In places the timbers are piled 20 feet high; at other points they rise to a height of only four or five feet.

Under this wonderful beach are found large quantities of dark, ruby sand, rich in fine particles of gold, for the separation of which no successful process has yet been discovered.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Lost King.

In olden times, when European kings were as plentiful as Kentucky colts, are today, it was not an exceptional occurrence for a king to disappear and never be heard of again. In ancient times, however, the people have been more careful of their kings.

So when King Sebastian of Portugal disappeared in battle July 29, 1578, while fighting the Moors at Alcazar, there was great commotion. The Moors surrendered to the Portuguese a body said to be that of the king, but it was rumored that the Moors had the king alive in custody.

The surrendered body was buried with royal honors at Belem, but the faithful Portuguese persisted in waiting for the return of their king. Long after he would have died in the course of nature his countrymen longingly awaited his coming.

Even up to this day the legend of the return of King Sebastian is believed by many, and on stormy nights credulous Portuguese citizens will wrap their cloaks about them and go outside and watch the storm, thinking that the king may appear in a cloud of fire again to rule.

What is a Sleeper?

Here is a definition which is as difficult to read rapidly as "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers" and yet is more sensible. In fact, it is an actual statement of facts, as you will find if you read it slowly:

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which a sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper runs while the sleeper sleeps. Therefore while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper on the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.

No Woman May Reign.

The question has been asked why none of the daughters of the czar may be a successor to the throne on which the great Catherine proved her capacity. The exclusion rests only on an edict of the Emperor Paul, the son of Catherine the Great, issued to discredit his mother's memory.

France has as many as 45,000 families, with 120,000 individuals, claiming a title of nobility; but, as a matter of fact, only about 450 families can prove their claim to descent from a noble family in feudal times.

Near the city of Durban, South Africa, is the Place of Death, a funnel-like cleft in the coast rocks, into which in times gone by the Zulu chiefs were accustomed to take the victims of their wrath to die.

THE SENSE OF TASTE.

IT SHOULD BE THE BEST GUIDE TO THE FOOD WE NEED.

If Not Perverted, It Will Select Those Substances For Which the Body is Suffering—We Use Entirely Too Much Salt.

The function of the taste doubtless sustains a much more important relation to digestion than has been generally accorded to it, says Dr. Kellogg. Food to be digested must be appetizing. Food which nauseates does not stimulate the secretion of the fluid necessary to digest it either in the mouth or the stomach. The sense of taste may be regarded as a sort of regulation. Hence it is an important property of food that the sense of taste may be stimulated and that it may have an opportunity to exercise its selective and controlling functions.

When one has eaten a sufficient amount of simple, wholesome food, the sense of taste informs him of the fact by declining to receive more. A perfect rule for mastication would be to chew each morsel of food until there is left only a tasteless remnant. It is useless to swallow such a residue, as it can have no nutritive value. When food is taken in this way, the sense of taste has an opportunity to say "enough" before too much has been swallowed and thus affords a perfect means of adapting the amount of food taken to the needs of the body.

A careful study of this suggestion will also show that the sense of taste, if allowed to act in a normal way, will select those substances of which the body is in great need. For example, if the blood is impoverished and needs an extra supply of nitrogenous food there will be a craving for such foods as nuts, legumes and possibly eggs and milk or some other substance containing nitrogen.

A curious analogy to this function is found in some insectivorous plants, which, as has been shown by recent experiments, refuse to capture insects or pay attention to fragments of meat placed within their grasp except when the soil upon which they grow is lacking in nitrogenous elements. By supplying a fertilizer rich in nitrogen these so-called carnivorous plants cease to be carnivorous and behave wholly like other plants. The same principle applies to the use of fat-making substances, such as starch and oleaginous foods, such as nuts and cereals. The writer has frequently observed in thin patients a craving for fats, which disappeared entirely after the patient had made a gain of 20 or 30 pounds.

The taste was no doubt intended by the Creator to be a perfect guide to the quantity and quality of food to be taken and not simply a means of gustatory pleasure. Unfortunately it has been terribly debauched and perverted from its normal function. Men and women treat the palate as the pianist treats his instrument, touching it in various ways simply for the purpose of provoking pleasurable sensations, with regard whatever for the possible needs of the body or the possible damage which may be caused. The sense of taste, thus wrongly educated, becomes perverted, and its indications become confused. Abnormal cravings are developed, which demand satisfaction in the use of tea, coffee, wine and other intoxicants, mustard, pepper and other condiments, large quantities of salt, pickles and rich and savory dishes of various sorts, together with sweets, ices and tidbits of all kinds. The sense of taste has been dethroned from its high position as governor of nutrition and has come to be merely the servant of a capricious and insatiable desire for an illegitimate sensation, a purely selfish animal pleasure. This is gluttony, pure and simple, and is the apt tutor and hail companion of alcoholic intemperance.

The free use of common salt must likewise be placed among serious dietetic errors. Professor Bunge of Basel, the leading physiological chemist of the world, with many others, has shown that the so-called necessity for the alimentary use of salt rests upon a very uncertain and equivocal, if not erroneous, basis and that at most salt can be used without injury only in very minute quantities. The quantity designated by Professor Bunge as within the limits of possible harmlessness is about 15 grains a day, or probably less than one-fourth of the amount usually consumed. The free use of salt leads to thirst and copious drinking in connection with meals.

Gun chewing, tobacco chewing, the use of tobacco in any form, must be condemned as harmful to the digestion through exhausting the function of the salivary glands, so that when required to maintain constant activity the saliva secreted by the glands has very little value as a digestive agent. The glands, as well as the muscles and other parts of the body, require rest in which to store up the elements necessary for their proper function.—Good Health.

His Capacity Had Limits.

An old farmer who was in the habit of eating what was set before him, asking no questions, dropped into a Memphis cafe for dinner. The waiter gave him the menu card and explained to the old gentleman that it was the list of dishes the cafe served for dinner that day. Accordingly he began at the top of the bill of fare and ordered each thing in turn until he had covered about one-third of it. The prospect of what was still before him was too overpowering, yet there were some things at the end that he wanted to try. He called the waiter and, confidently marking off the spaces on the card with his index finger, said: "Look here, I've eat from that to that. Can I skip from that to that and eat on to the bottom?"—Memphis Scimitar.

SHE WANTED GOLD.

One Woman's Idea of the Money to Deposit in a Bank.

Most comical stories are told at the expense of the fair sex regarding their lack of familiarity with banks and their methods. One came to the ears of the Sunter that apparently has the merit of newness.

"My wife had saved up her pin money, or what she hadn't had occasion to use of it," said the relator of the story, "until she had \$40 in bills of various denominations. This she was extremely desirous of securing gold for, and every day when I came home to dinner she would haul me over the coals because I had forgotten to procure the shining metal. Finally she said she would attend to the matter herself. That evening she greeted me with a triumphant smile.

"I got my gold," she exclaimed as soon as I entered the house, 'but I had a time in doing it, though.'

"Then she told me how she had gone to the mint with her bills and been refused the coveted coin because 'the notes weren't good notes. Next she hustled around to a bank and secured four \$10 gold pieces. These didn't suit her because they weren't new and shiny, so she trotted back to the mint with them and exchanged them for two double eagles, fresh from the dies. I listened to her recital and asked her to let me see the coins.

"Let you see them!" she exclaimed in surprise. 'Why, I haven't them any more, you goose!'

"Haven't them any more? I repeated. 'What did you do with them?'

"She looked at me with mingled scorn and contempt.

"I deposited them in the — Savings bank, of course. That's what I wanted the gold for. What did you think I was going to do with them? Keep them around the house to look at?"

"But I was too busy laughing just then and for half an hour afterward to make any reply."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

How It Once Played a Mean Trick on Frederick Villiers.

E. W. Sabel, in The Saturday Evening Post, tells an anecdote of Frederick Villiers, the famous war correspondent. Villiers had been under fire for some days, the enemy bombarding the force to which the artist was attached, so that the arrival of a shell was a commonplace circumstance to be treated in the usual way. Out of this ordeal he came unscathed to London and was strolling down the crowded Strand.

On a sudden the pedestrians were appalled to see him fling himself at full length upon the greasy, muddy pavement and there lie on his face, rigid as a dead man. From all directions men rushed to render him assistance. They turned him over to rub his hands and unbutton his collar, expecting to find him in a fit. But no. On his face they found not the pain and pallor of epilepsy, but astonishment and mind. Villiers, when they laid hold of him, quickly jumped to his feet, shook the mud from his hands and clothes and then looked around for an explanation of his own apparently idiotic act. The explanation was forthcoming.

A few yards behind him stood a horse and cart. The cart had a moment after Villiers passed palled the pin and allowed the cart box to dump upon the ground a load of gravel. The heavy beams of the cart, of course, struck the wood paving with a resounding "dull thud," and the clean gravel hissed out with an evil roar. This combination of sounds, the war artist declared, was identical with the striking of a live shell, and Villiers, forgetting that he then stood some thousands of miles from the seat of war, automatically flung himself down to await the dreadful explosion.

He Got the Information.

An English paper tells this story of the late Joseph Whitaker, the publisher of Whitaker's Almanack: "For the first issue he wanted, along with similar information, the amount of the salaries received by a number of certain high functionaries in the civil service. Application to these personages themselves was uniformly met with only flat refusals. Accordingly the Almanack appeared with a list of the officials, each credited with a purely imaginary sum.

"The result was instantaneous. Hardly had the first edition come out before those whose salaries had been underrated were impelled by 'amour propre' to write indignant corrections, while the polite statements of the inland revenue authorities were similarly efficacious where the alleged amount was at all in excess of the actual income."

Tiny Bibles.

In Russia miniature Bibles are often worn as watch charms. One of these Bibles is owned by a Bostonian who received it from a friend living in Russia. It is about one inch long, three-fourths of an inch wide and three-eighths of an inch thick and contains the first five books of the Old Testament. The text of the book is in Hebrew and the titles in Latin. It can only be read with the help of a powerful magnifying glass.

His Line of Criticism.

"I understand," said the neighbor, "that your husband is a dramatic critic."

"No," replied the little woman bitterly; "he is even worse than that. He is a household critic."—Chicago Post.

Disguised.

Wiggins—Whose umbrella is this? It looks like the one I lost.
Higgins—I don't see how it can, for I scraped the handle and altered it generally.—Ohio State Journal.

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Schedule in effect Nov. 10th, 1899.

Westward.	9	13	15	17	19	21
Pittsburgh	7:00	1:35	6:30	15:00	5:00	8:00
Beaver Falls	8:05	2:41	7:30	6:20	5:45	8:45
Columbiana		3:41		7:43		
Lawrence	9:05	4:51		7:53		
Salem	9:18	5:05	8:34	8:38	6:57	9:57
Lawrence	9:40	5:35	8:55	8:35	6:55	9:55
Salem	9:40	4:40	8:55	8:40		
Lawrence		5:26		8:55		
Salem		5:26	9:27	9:23		
Lawrence	10:10	5:42	9:40	9:40		
Salem	10:22	5:42	9:40	9:40		
Lawrence		5:57		9:52		
Salem		6:05		10:00		
Lawrence	10:43	6:15	10:06	10:10		

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Day

THE SPINET.

Beneath the rafters, black and bare,
The ancient spinet stands;
The spiders on its yellow keys
Have stretched their filmy strands;
Around its weak and tottering frame
The airy cobwebs blow,
In lieu of silken tapestries
That molded long ago.

But windy nights a quaint old tune
Comes stealing down the stair,
For then she wakes the keys again—
A ghost with powdered hair.
The mice go dancing in and out
To melodies she sung
When fashion trod the minstrel
And Washington was young.

Around her on the garret floor
Her shining satins trail;
A haunting sorrow dims her eyes;
Her face is proud and pale.
But when I climb the creaking stair
The gusty midnight falls
On nothing but the withered herbs
That hang against the walls.

And yet the spinet trembles still
To that forgotten tune,
The ashes of a crumbled rose
Upon the keys are strewn,
And yonder chest below the eaves
Her gown of satin holds,
With sprigs of broken lavender
Between its faded folds.
—Minna Irving in New England Magazine.

Story of Sacrifice.

A Bit of Eavesdropping
That Led to the Right-
ing of a Great Wrong.

By George Lincoln.

The judge fell into the way of watching them naturally enough. After the court adjourned in the early afternoon he always took a ride on his bicycle and never failed to visit the beautiful stretch of boulevard recently opened along the string of lakes.

They both came of good families, or at least well to do families, and their manner led him to think there was breeding behind them. How, then, did he come to know that they loved each other? you ask. How was it possible not to know it? He was not always past 50, and he had a good memory.

So when the judge noticed the way "he" looked at "her" and the way "she" looked at "him" and the tenderness of the young man's courtesy the judge knew well enough how matters were.

She was a beautiful woman, not over 20, and gave one an impression of trigness and neatness. A woman would say she wore a becoming suit that fitted her. She was petite, with one of those fresh, sparkling faces so seldom seen among overworked society girls.

He was a manly chap of 22, athletic, bronzed and thoroughly "fit," as my nephew says. My nephew plays on the "varsity" football team and is authority in our family on such matters.

And they noticed the judge. After awhile he got into the way of bowing to them, although they didn't know he was Judge Storow, and he didn't know them.

One dreamy Indian summer afternoon the judge went up among the trees on the side of the lake to a sheltered nook he knew and lay down to rest. There had been a puzzling case before him that morning and while thinking it over he must have fallen asleep.

He was suddenly aware that just outside his shelter a man and woman were talking. He knew not what to do.

He soon discovered that they were "his lovers," as he called them, and they were discussing some unhappy circumstance regarding their affection.

What could he do? There was no way out except past them. Would it be better to come out and so let them know he had heard their talk, or would it not be more delicate to remain till they had gone, not listening, and they would never know any one had overheard them? He decided on the latter alternative and remained perfectly quiet.

But, try as he would, it was impossible not to hear their whole conversation.

"But what difference does that make?" asked the young man. "You know perfectly well, Alice, that if it were a thousand times worse—that if it were you yourself—I would marry you."

"Oh, but think of it, Ned! Think what your friends would say! Ned Grant married the daughter of an embezzler serving his time in jail!"

The judge couldn't help wondering if this were the son of Grant on the supreme bench, whom he had never met, although he knew his father intimately. The girl's gentle voice broke as she said this, and Ned cried:

"Oh, Alice, I wish you wouldn't think of that! It just breaks me up to see you cry, you know."

Then followed a silence during which Alice must have been in some way comforted, for she said in a steady voice:

"No, my dear boy. I have been very weak to see you so often and have these rides. I should have refused and tried to forget you. But, Ned, I could not. I can't think of anything but you—and I do love you so!"

More silence, then:

"And, Ned, this really must be the last. I can't marry you. No, dear, please don't go all over it again. I know that it would be a great wrong to you to say yes. It would always be a hindrance to you. We would have no friends, and a young lawyer must have friends. Who would come to your house if they knew your wife was the daughter of Rand the embezzler?"

That was where the judge almost discovered himself. He sentenced Rand to 20 years' hard labor, and he had still 15 years to serve. It was a queer case and not quite clear. So this was the motherless girl he had heard so much about.

"Now, see here, Alice," the young

man said, "you know it takes two to make a quarrel, and it takes two to think it best not to see me again. I shall not give you up, and I shall see you every opportunity I can so long as it doesn't bother you. Dad knows all about it, and he's with me."

The judge wanted to shout "Good for dad," but he didn't.

Then they got up to go, and after another longer silence they left him alone. He knew all about the trouble, and pretty near he felt about it too.

As he rode slowly home he turned the little tragedy over and over in his mind, and the more he thought about it the more he felt that he had made a mistake by staying and listening. At last he evolved a plan calculated to ease his own conscience and give the young man some courage. So the judge sent him this letter:

Mr. Edwin Grant—I had the misfortune to overhear part of your conversation with Miss Rand today, although in quite an accidental manner. If, as I surmise, you are the son of Grant of the ap-
pease, you are made of the right sort of stuff to regard Miss Rand's views as only a temporary obstacle to your happiness. I sentenced Rand, and if you care to call on me I should be glad to see you. Perhaps we may think of some arguments to make Miss Rand look at the case differently. At any rate, I agree with his honor, father, and am also "with you." Yours,
ROBERT STOROW.

The next day the judge was obliged to go to a distant city to act as referee in a case.

The Rand case was almost purely a circumstantial one and hung on the handwriting in which the false entries had been made in the books. The handwriting experts all agreed that the entries had been made by Rand. Indeed the prisoner admitted as much.

He had pleaded "not guilty," and when he admitted the identity of the handwriting there was little left to do for him. His counsel was completely baffled by the admission, and Rand refused to explain it in any way. Try as he would the lawyer could elicit nothing further, and the jury had to bring in a verdict of guilty.

It could never be found how Rand had disposed of the sum he embezzled. In fact, not a penny of the missing money was ever found, and the bank charged it to profit and loss.

Hooper, the president of the bank, was in constant attendance at the trial and expressed great sorrow for Rand. Shortly after the sentence Hooper left the bank and went to another city, where he engaged in a private banking and brokerage business. It was in this city that Judge Storow was now sitting.

One night at the club the conversation drifted round to money and banking. The judge made the remark that he wished to procure a letter of credit for his niece, who was going abroad, and some one suggested Hooper's house as the best place to get it.

"By the way," said his adviser, "you sentenced the cashier of the bank of which Hooper used to be president, didn't you?" The judge said he did.

"Well," continued the man, "that's the way some men treat those who have been kind to them. My wife grew up in the village where Hooper and Rand were boys together. Rand was not in very good circumstances, while Hooper had plenty of money. At that time Hooper was quietly buying up a great deal of land through which he knew a railroad was projected. He let Rand in on the ground floor, lent him money and then, when they realized, collected Rand's notes, and in this way they both made money, and Rand's share was a moderate fortune to a man in his circumstances. It was not many years before Rand had lost his money in foolish investments. Then Hooper got him the position of cashier in the bank where he was president. It seems pretty tough for Rand to have stolen all that money. The directors asked Hooper for his resignation, of course, and he was obliged to come here and start fresh."

Now, this was a part of the story that the judge had never heard before. It little agreed with his personal impressions, which, of course, had nothing to do with the "law and evidence." He had an idea that Rand was not that sort of man, and, curiously enough, he had acquired an antipathy for Hooper.

That night he woke thinking of the case. Gradually he found himself forced to a conclusion for which there was little reason—he somehow thought that Hooper was the guilty man and Rand the innocent. He had known a few similar cases of quixotic gratitude.

The next day he called at the banking house of Hooper & Co. As he was leaving he met Hooper face to face. The man went white and staggered against the door jamb as if he had been struck.

"Why—how d'ye do? Why—I didn't expect to see you," he stammered. "Anything we can do for you?"

The judge looked him square in the eye and said, "No, Mr. Hooper, nothing you can do, unless—but never mind now." And he gave him a peculiar look under which Hooper quailed.

The judge had not gone two blocks before one of the clerks came rushing after him and said Mr. Hooper wanted him to come back. He found Hooper striding the floor and mumbling to himself.

"My God, judge, do you know?" he cried.

"I know you are a scoundrel," the judge replied, surprised out of his self control.

"I did it, judge; I did it."

"I know it," calmly replied the judge.

"I came to this city because I couldn't stand meeting you, and I have never had a bappy or an easy moment since. I've lived in constant fear of apprehension."

The judge looked at him and could scarce restrain his contempt and indignation.

Stepping back, he turned the key in the lock and put it into his pocket. Then he went to the telephone and told

police headquarters who he was and asked them to send him an inspector at the banking office.

"Now," he said, "before either of us leaves this room you are going to write the whole story. You will sign it in the presence of witnesses, and inside of two weeks Rand will be a free man. You will be arrested at once, but for two weeks, for my own reasons, you will continue to conduct your business, and a headquarters man will be always with you. You can explain his presence in any way that you like. Now, sit down and write."

Hooper shrank from the task, but the judge insisted. When he had finished and was ready to sign, there came a tap at the door, and a stranger was ushered in. He looked the door after him, and the judge had a low conversation with him. The confession was duly signed and witnessed.

It set forth Hooper's necessity to obtain funds further than those available and how he had taken from time to time, showing Rand fictitious notes, so that Rand had every reason to suppose the bank was making loans. In short, he had made the entries in perfect good faith, and then when the stealing was made known he had kept silent, remembering all the benefits received. It was of course a questionable thing for him to do, considering his family. But there was no doubting the nobility of the man's character.

That night the judge started for home, having disposed of the case. There the next day he laid the confession before the governor and his lawyer, who took the preliminary steps to release Rand.

That evening Ned Grant called, saying he had failed to find the judge at home on previous evenings. He knew enough of the law to appreciate some things the judge told him.

"Now," said the judge, "this tangle can be straightened out. You bring Alice here two weeks from tonight, and I'll try to change her views."

At last the night came. The judge was decidedly nervous. The bell rang, and in came Ned and Alice. He had told her about the judge, and she blushed prettily when he was introduced.

After he had explained at some length that his eavesdropping was quite accidental he began to argue again with her on the matter. She took the same high ground as before—that it was doing Ned a wrong. And she had a pretty good case too. At last he said:

"So there is no way of turning you? You would marry if your father were not in prison for embezzlement?"

She nodded, and the judge silently handed her a long typewritten document. It was the witnessed confession. Rand had been living quietly with the judge for the last few days and knew the whole story.

Ned stood near carefully watching her, and as the door opened noiselessly he saw John Rand waiting for his daughter to look up and see him.

She read it through without looking up. Then as she lay back in the chair she caught his eye and ran to him with a cry of "Father! Father!"

Hooper is still serving his time.—Chicago Record.

Jumbo's Coin Collection.

When Jumbo was struck by a railroad engine and killed at London, Ont., in 1885, P. T. Barnum at once telegraphed to Professor Ward, a taxidermist of Rochester, to superintend the saving of the skin and bones of the big elephant. Mr. Smith was one of the butchers employed to assist in the work.

"It took us five hours to remove the skin," said Mr. Smith, "and then we worked hard for 15 hours more cutting the flesh from the bones. It was the hardest day's work that I ever did, but we were well paid, getting a dollar an hour."

"In Jumbo's stomach we found an assortment of odds and ends that would have gladdened the heart of a junk dealer. There were about a peck of stones as large as hen's eggs and a collection of coins, in which a majority of the civilized nations of the earth were represented. There were French francs, German marks, Austrian thalers, English shillings, pence and farthings and American half dollars, quarters, dimes and nickels. Besides these there were a large number of lead car seals that the big traveler had doubtless acquired as souvenirs of railway trips. There was even an English policeman's whistle in the capacious paunch."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Beat the Messenger.

Ex-Speaker Reed had a great moral influence over the members, and whether willing or unwilling they were wont to obey his requests. One afternoon, when the house lacked a quorum, one of its messengers was dispatched to hunt up an M. C. at Harvey's, a famous restaurant in town.

"The speaker would like to have you come up to the house," said the messenger to the member, who was found enjoying a broiled lobster with a visiting constituent.

"You tell the speaker to go to the mischief," said the diner. "I'm going to finish my lobster."

"Very well, sir," assented the messenger. "I will do so." And he left the room hurriedly. But as soon as his back was turned the belligerent member rushed down by the back stairs, through a side door, into a cab and was up at the house long before the arrival of the messenger.—New York Tribune.

A Young Philosopher.

"Freddie always will have a piece of bread to eat when he has a piece of cake."

"What's that for?"

"He takes a bite of cake and then a bite of bread; says the bread makes the cake last longer."—Detroit Free Press.

LIVE HIGH ON CREDIT

DAINTY DINERS WHO GET COSTLY MEALS FOR NOTHING.

How Some Big Accounts That Are Never Paid Are Run Up at the Fashionable Restaurants That Flourish in New York City.

Legal proceedings recently taken to recover from a well known citizen who belongs to the "fashionable" class the amount of a tailor's bill revealed the fact that the man was poor, had no money and no means of support and owed many bills. Besides tailors, shoe-makers and hatters, he owed money to florists, jewelers, livery stable keepers, dealers in theater tickets, shirtmakers, stationers and restaurateurs. One of the largest bills against the man was contracted in the course of several years at a prominent up town restaurant.

"You must have been hung up for a great spread," said a patron of the place to the manager, pointing to the item.

"Not at all," he answered. "That bill represents hundreds of charges and has grown slowly to its present magnificent proportions."

"But how is it done—how do people run big bills in a restaurant?"

"Well, in the first place, because we look upon men who come here as gentlemen and treat them accordingly. I don't remember just how the account in question was opened, but usually it is done in this way: Some day, after a man receives his check, he scribbles his name across its face and tells the waiter, 'I'll pay this tomorrow; it's all right,' and then if the person in charge at the desk marks it 'O. K.' the check is 'hung up' and an account is opened with the man."

"In most instances the man comes back, as he said he would, the next day and settles his little bill and thanks us for accommodating him. If, however, the man intends to work the house, he does not come back the next day and settle, but waits three or four days. Then he drops in and orders a modest luncheon or a not elaborate dinner and scribbles his name across the check, gives the waiter a tip, and the new account receives its first addition."

"Little by little the account grows, but never by any really large charge, and when at last the man has a little dinner party with a big appetite the check is liable to be 'O. K.'d' because the account is already so large that it would be poor policy to turn it down."

"When the account has grown so large that we think it should have attention, we give the head waiter a tip, and without telling the man 'a so many words he is given to understand that cash would be preferred to an autograph. Sometimes the man takes the hint and makes a payment or asks for more time and tells us that he will pay as he goes, and he remains a customer without increasing his account, but generally he leaves us and goes to some other place and complains about poor service here and in other ways tries to injure our business because he can't have what he wants to eat and drink for nothing. His account remains open, and when it becomes outlandish we put it on the list which bears many good names, but we never dun the man."

To show how anxious some people are to have it known that they are well acquainted in the fashionable restaurants the following story was told:

"Some months ago a man came here early in the day and said that he would have a little party of friends to supper with him after the theater that evening and ordered what he wanted. His order showed that he was unaccustomed to the part, but it is our business to fill orders, and we said that his supper would be served all right. Then he laid down a sum of money, more than enough to pay the bill, and said, 'This will save me the trouble this evening,' and went away. The supper passed off nicely, the man's friends from the country or the country part of the city seemed to enjoy their spree, and finally the host asked for his check, looked at it and then said grandly and loud enough for all to hear, 'Charge it.' The supper was a 'grand' affair in the eyes of the guests, but the climax—the order to 'charge it'—overwhelmed them, and I dare say the man accomplished his object, which was evidently to make himself solid with his guests."—New York Tribune.

A One Sided One.

There are times, even in the best regulated families, when it becomes necessary to discipline some young and stirring member of the household. The other evening an indulgent father concluded that such a time had arrived, as his 8-year-old son had committed an act of insubordination and threatened to repeat it. Rebukes and warnings were in vain, and at last the youngster was given a sound spanking. Half an hour later, after friendly relations had been resumed, an older son came home and was somewhat surprised when the 8-year-old said to him: "You ought to have been here awhile ago. Me and papa had a fight."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Mystery of the Sea.

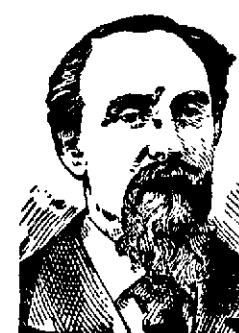
A mystery with which every sailor is familiar is the formation of dust at sea. Those who are familiar with sailing ships know that, no matter how carefully the decks may be washed down in the morning and how little work of any kind may be done during the day, nevertheless if the decks are swept at nightfall an enormous quantity of dust will be collected.

When a girl says that some other girl is pretty, the men present can always make a ten strike by disagreeing with her.—Atchison Globe.

A SMALL SPOT MAY BE CANCER.

MOST VIOLENT CASES HAVE APPEARED AT FIRST AS MERE PIMPLES.

The greatest care should be given to any little sore, pimple or scratch which shows no disposition to heal under ordinary treatment. No one can tell how soon these will develop into Cancer of the worst type. So many people die from Cancer simply because they do not know just what the disease is; they naturally turn themselves over to the doctors, and are forced to submit to a cruel and dangerous operation—the only treatment which the doctors know for Cancer. The disease promptly returns, however, and is even more violent and destructive than before. Cancer is a deadly poison in the blood, and an operation, plaster, or other external treatment can have no effect whatever upon it. The cure must come from within—the last vestige of poison must be eradicated.



Mr. Wm Walpole, of Walshtown S. D., says: "A little blotch about the size of a pea came under my left eye gradually growing larger, from which shooting pains at intervals ran in all directions. I became greatly alarmed and consulted a good doctor, who pronounced it Cancer, and advised that it be cut out, but this I could not consent to. I read in my local paper of a cure effected by S. S. S., and decided to try it. It acted like a charm the Cancer becoming at first irritated, and then discharging very freely. This gradually grew less and then discontinued altogether, leaving a small scar which soon dropped off and now only a healthy little scar remains where what threatened to destroy my life once held full sway. Positively the only cure for Cancer is Swift's Specific—"

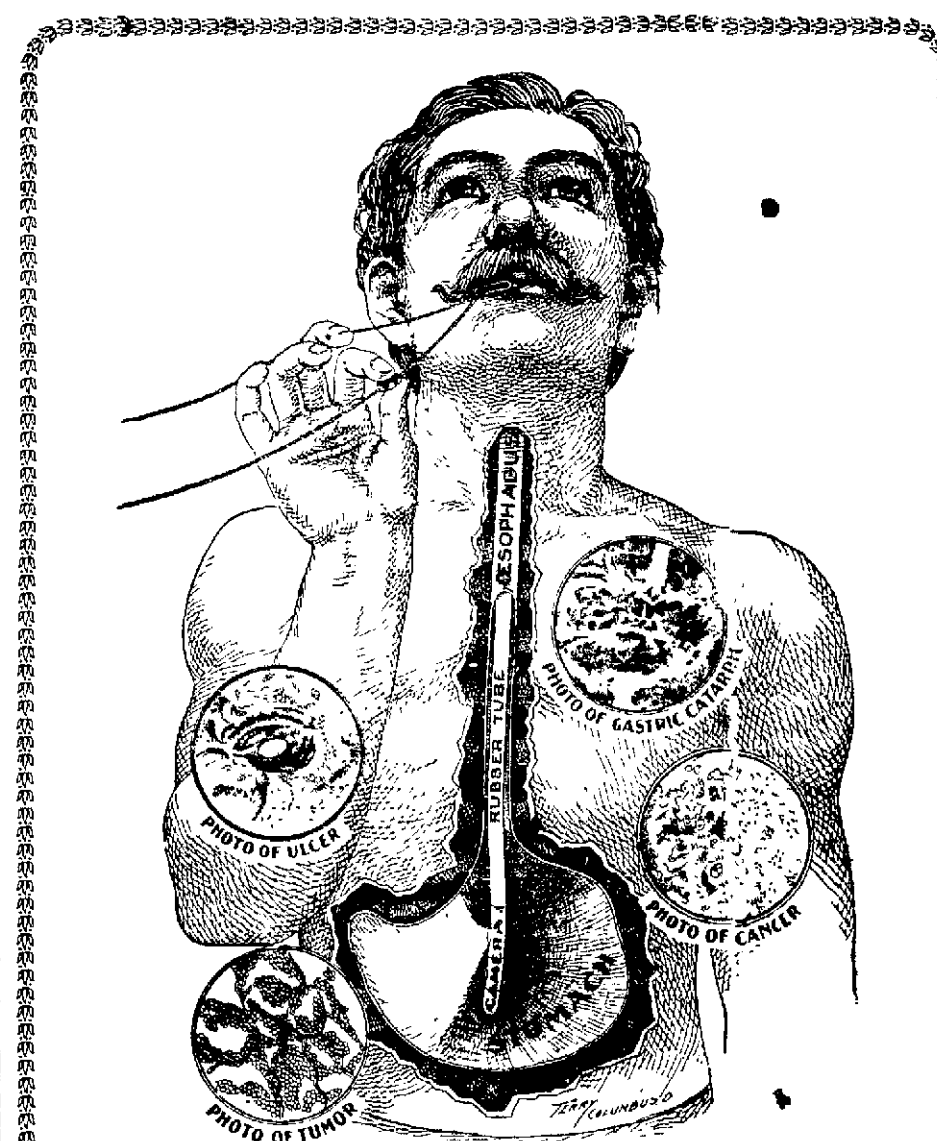
S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

—because it is the only remedy which can go deep enough to reach the root of the disease and force it out of the system permanently. A surgical operation does not reach the blood—the real seat of the disease—because the blood can not be cut away. Insist upon S. S. S.; nothing can take its place.

S. S. S. cures also any case of Scrofula, Eczema, Rheumatism, Contagious Blood Poison, Ulcers, Sores, or any other form of blood disease. Valuable books on Cancer and Blood Diseases will be mailed free to any address by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

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Latest Triumph—Photographing the Interior of the Stomach.

HAVE YOU STOMACH DISEASE?

Do you bloat?
Do you feel sick?
Is your tongue coated?
Are you nervous?
Do you belch up gas?
Are you constipated?
Does your stomach hurt?
Do you feel faint at times?
Do you cough up phlegm?
Do you have a weak, tired exhausted feeling?
Is there a full, dull heavy feeling in the stomach?
Do you have an empty "all gone" feeling at times?

If these are some of your symptoms you may be sure you have CATARRH OF THE STOMACH.

Dr. Kutchin has a new and wonderful treatment discovered by himself, that cures this disease.

He Guarantees a Cure in Every Curable Case.

His Prices Are Within the Reach of All.



Dr. Kutchin, Ex. U. S. Surgeon, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

He is a graduate of two of the leading medical colleges in America. Licensed by the State of Ohio.

"See him before it is too late, and this awful disease has made you an incurable wreck, or hurried you to an untimely grave. DR. KUTCHIN has visited this county regularly for the past eight years. He has performed thousands of wonderful cures. There is hardly a community in the State of Ohio that can not point to some one strong and well who was once given up to die, but was cured and restored to friends and family by this skillful Specialist."

He ONLY treats CHRONIC DISEASES.

Eye and Ear, Heart, Lung's, Stomach, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Dropsy, Sick Headache, Nervous Debility, Spasms, Rheumatism, Gout, Diseases of Children, Liver Disease, Lost Manhood, Discharges of Women, Impotency, Varicocele.

HE CURES TUMORS without the knife.

IF HE CAN'T CURE YOU HE WILL TELL YOU SO.

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BULLER IS FOILED.

Boers Block His Advance on Ladysmith.

THE WAR WILL CONTINUE.

England will Keep the Effective Force in South Africa at Two Hundred Thousand—The Orange Free State May Sue for Peace.

(By Associated Press to The Independent.)

LONDON, Feb. 28.—General Buller is making but little progress in his march to the relief of Ladysmith, and it is now apparent, after two weeks' hard fighting, that he was laboring under a most serious mistake when he informed the war office that the Boer rear guard was all that opposed him. It is believed that the hardest fighting of the war took place during the latter part of last week, as an armistice was agreed upon in order that the wounded and dead could be cared for. It is feared that the British losses have been very heavy, as all the movements of the past ten days have been made in the face of entrenched positions and under heavy fire.

At any moment, however, news may come of General Buller's success. Friday will begin the fourth month of the siege of the garrison, which is seemingly in a position where it is unable to do anything to aid General Buller. The government entertains no illusion. As announced in the house of commons, 10,000 additional troops will immediately go out, and the effective force will be kept near 200,000. Lord Roberts has done more than to capture 1,000 Boers and a few guns. He is within striking distance of the Boer capitals, and is in possession of a large district of the Free State. He has given a shock to Boer confidence and measurably restored spirit to his own troops. In capturing the Boer positions taken a longer whose presence alone was worth thousands to the Boers. The best opinion here is that the Transvaalers are certain to continue the fight with undiminished vigor, but it is uncertain about the Free State.

A dispatch received by the war office from General Buller, this morning, announced the capture of Pietersburg, the Boers' strongest position in his front. The loss of this point will greatly weaken the opposition to Buller's advance, and it may only be a few hours when a column will enter Ladysmith.

HEAVY SNOW STORMS.

Railway Traffic Blocked in Various Places.

CLEVELAND, Feb. 28.—[By Associated Press]—From three to seven inches of snow has fallen in northern Ohio. Trunk line trains are from half an hour to three hours late, and street cars were blocked during the morning.

St. Louis—A snow fall of several inches, yesterday, was followed by rain and sleet, covering everything with ice. Wires, poles and trees are broken down, and street car traffic was blocked.

CHICAGO—Street travel was blocked in many parts of the city by deep snow. The snowfall through the central west was very heavy, and trains generally are several hours late.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

Will Vote on the Puerto Rican Tariff Bill This Afternoon.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.—[By Associated Press]—The final vote on the Puerto Rican bill is set for 3 o'clock this afternoon. The Republicans say they have five voters more than enough to pass the bill, but fear a motion to recommit. Payne offered a substitute for section three, fixing the tariff at 15 per cent. instead of 25.

The Payne amendment was adopted without division.

INJURED IMPROVING.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 28.—[By Associated Press]—Of the injured in last night's wreck, all are reported improving except Miss Schmidapp, who cannot live. The body of an unknown woman is still under the wreck. It is said the weather conditions were such that the wreck could not have been avoided.

Miss Emma Schmidapp died at 10:25 today, never regaining consciousness after the accident. Her father, in an adjoining ward, is ignorant of her death, as well as of the death of his wife.

KILLED AT CRESTLINE.

Conductor Steiber, of Alliance, Run Over by a Train.

MANSFIELD, Feb. 28.—[By Associated Press]—George Steiber, of Alliance, a freight conductor on the Pennsylvania line, was killed by a train at Crestline last night. Five conductors on the Pennsylvania, between Crestline and Pittsburgh, have been killed, or died from injuries, since the first of January, all of whom were old employees of the line.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures windcolic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c a bottle.

"JOHN P. ROBINSON, HE."

Something About a Character Whom Lowell Satirized.

John P. Robinson, the subject of one of James Russell Lowell's "Hosea Biglow's" satires, was a brilliant lawyer of the town of Lowell, a scholarly gentleman and a wit. It is said of him that he had read Homer's "Iliad" so much that he could recite nearly the whole of it from memory. Mr. Robinson was a favorite stump speaker about the period of 1840. He was a Whig and had the ambition to represent his district in congress.

In 1842 he received the Whig nomination for this position. It was a bad year for Whig candidates, as the Liberty party had then begun to present nominees against it. A majority was at that time required to elect, and there was no choice at the regular election. The Whig party, always timid, feared Mr. Robinson could not be elected on further trial and induced him to withdraw from the contest that it might present a candidate more acceptable to the antislavery men. This was a severe disappointment to Mr. Robinson. He became disgusted with the Whigs and turned toward the antislavery advocates.

A few years later, after General Caleb Cushing had been in the Mexican war, he was nominated by the Democrats as their candidate for governor of Massachusetts, upon which Mr. Robinson wrote a letter declaring he should leave the Whig party and support General Cushing. This induced Lowell's poem. Governor Briggs was then the Whig candidate for governor, and Lowell had two refrains to his verses. The first read:

So John P. Robinson, he
Says he shan't vote for Governor B.
And the second:
So John P. Robinson, he
Says he shan't vote for General C.
—Boston Herald.

STAGE KISSES ARE GENUINE.

The Public Demands Realism Even in Stage Love-making.

"Embraces and kisses are rehearsed with the utmost care," writes Franklin Dyer in "The Release of a Play" in the Ladies' Home Journal. "They must have an impulsive manner. They must look sufficiently fervid. It is a curious sight that of two players who are to express the ardent love which Shakespeare has written for his 'Romeo and Juliet,' but who at rehearsal, in modern clothes and no accessories of glamour, practice a kiss as mechanically and unfeelingly as though it were, as it is then, utterly devoid of sentiment. There must be no hesitation or clumsiness. Romeo is not permitted to decide whether to throw both arms around his sweetheart or only one or which, nor may Juliet be shy or forward, yielding or resisting, as she chooses. The director will place their arms for them if they do not themselves make a picturesque exhibit of tenderness.

"And the kiss? Shall it be delivered by the wooer on the lips of the won or on the brow or cheek? That question is considered and settled. Are kisses on the stage genuine? Well, not at rehearsals, except, maybe, once or twice, in order to show the effect fully. An actress would resent a real kiss at a rehearsal except when necessary. For the satisfaction of natural curiosity on that point it may be told right here that most of the kisses in the public performances of plays are actual kisses."

Where Tigers Fear Men.

A cheerful place is Sonapoujee, in India. The rainfall there often is as great in one afternoon in the rainy season as it is in New York state in a whole year, and tigers and leopards are as plentiful as dogs are on New York's east side. On account of the tremendous dampness the cattle have to be driven to the top of the hills, so that they shall not get their feet wet, and the tigers and leopards climb to these high altitudes also, because they are imbued with the kindly desire to save those cattle from pneumonia and other ills by eating them carefully and with due enjoyment.

As there are no forests on the hills the tigers prowl about all night in the open, lying concealed during the day in the limestone caves, the coal pits and between the crevices of the rocks. The residents come upon them in all manner of odd nooks and corners so unexpectedly that the beasts are as much alarmed as themselves and usually scamper off in one direction, their distributors flying in the opposite one. No one stirs out at nighttime without a powerful lantern or torch, for, as a rule, wild beasts will not come near a light, though this rule does not hold good in all cases.—New York Herald.

Health the Main-spring of Success.

The chief essential of success for a young man is what the vast majority of young men think about the least—that is, good health and a sound constitution. That is the first thing; nothing precedes it. In the battle for success that should be a young man's first thought—not his abilities nor his work, but his health. That is the basis, the cornerstone, of all. Abilities cannot bring health, but health may and generally does develop ability.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Hogstien.

Friend—I suppose there are a great many people who owe you their lives. Doctor—They say they do, but the relatives always kick like thunder when I accidentally collect a bill of that kind.—San Francisco Examiner.

When It Doesn't Turn.

A woman's silk frock is spun by a worm, but if the worm tries to crawl on it the woman shrieks.—Chicago Record.

SINGULAR DREAMING

TWO PECULIAR CASES OF BRAIN ACTIVITY IN SLEEP.

A Lawyer Who Solved a Knotty Problem He Could Not Master While Awake—An Exciting and Almost Tragic Railway Journey.

An Edinburgh lawyer, a confirmed somnambulist, went through a peculiar experience some little time ago. One evening, after dinner, he told his wife that he had a most difficult law case which would occupy him half the night to study out. For hours thereafter he grappled with its intricacies, but finally desisted, saying it would be impossible to make his brief until morning, since the case presented some difficulties that he had been unable to master.

He fell asleep from exhaustion almost as soon as he went to bed, but in a few minutes rose, and, seating himself at his desk, wrote furiously for an hour or more. Then, carefully folding and indorsing the sheets he had written upon, he put them away in a pigeon-hole of his desk, after which, without speaking, he returned to his bed and slept soundly till late in the morning.

At breakfast he expressed some uncertainty as to his "finding a solution." His wife told him to look through his desk, which he did, discovering the paper he had written in the pigeon-hole where he had hidden it. As he read it joy mingled with amazement showed plainly in his face, for the paper was a clearly reasoned, correctly phrased brief on the intricate case, with all the obscure points smoothed out. He had not the slightest recollection of having written the document.

Another extraordinary case is that of a young man who, an hour or so before starting on a railway journey, paid a visit to a steamer in which his parents were financially interested. In the course of the inspection he entered the little chamber in the bow of the vessel where the anchor chain is coiled and was impressed by the chamber's smallness and the cramped quarters it would afford a man sent down there to superintend the paying out of the chain. In due course the traveler went to the railway station and engaged a snug seat in the corner of a first class carriage and sleeping carriage. He had the compartment to himself. The train had not been long on its journey before the young man was sound asleep. But he imagined that he was awake and, moreover, that he was imprisoned in the little anchor chain compartment of the steamer. The vessel was under way, he thought, and moving more rapidly than he had ever known a steamer to move before.

His first idea was to go on deck at once, but he could not get out of the cell-like chamber. He could not stand erect even, the compartment was so little, as he found out at the cost of an imaginary bumped head when he attempted to rise. Then, to his surprise, he found that the room had a window, evidently a dead light, but square and unusually large. This he tried to raise, but, failing, determined to break it, thinking that he could seize the anchor chain and by its aid reach the deck.

There was only one way to smash the glass, and that was by striking it with his clenched fist. He knew that this would result in a cut hand probably, but he risked it all the same, for he felt certain now that the vessel was in a storm and likely to go down any moment, in which case he would be drowned like a rat in a trap.

Having smashed the glass, he found that the window was double, and he distinctly remembers breaking the outside pane, after which, with profusely bleeding hands, he carefully picked out the bits of glass remaining in the sashes, so that he could climb out.

After removing the last remaining fragment of glass from the sash he carefully thrust his head and arms out and began to feel for the chain. It was nowhere to be found. Then he pulled himself half way out of the window and reached upward.

To his great joy, he found he could reach over the edge of the deck; but, to his dismay, it was curved and smooth, offering no projection whatever by which he might pull himself up. That being the case, and not wishing to fall into the water and be drowned, he painfully drew back into the little chamber. However, he must certainly escape or be drowned, and after getting his breath he would make another attempt to reach the deck.

As he lay panting and frightened he accidentally reached in the direction away from the deadlight. To his surprise, he touched a swaying window blind, and the next moment he found himself lying on the floor of the corridor of the onrushing train, with a window down, through which he had evidently been trying to reach the deck of the imaginary steamer. The wonder was he did not lose his grip and fall on the line. It was his fear of being drowned that prevented him from being killed on the railway. The young fellow had a long and serious illness after his experience, and, strange to say, when he recovered his somnambulist habit left him.—Washington Star.

An Odd Coincidence.

In one of the historical volumes of John F. Maginniss is recounted a most remarkable coincidence. On the very day that the Declaration of Independence was promulgated and old Liberty bell proclaimed the joyful news in Philadelphia a little band of Scotch-Irish settlers, without any knowledge, of course, of what was occurring elsewhere, assembled at a certain place on the banks of Pine creek, about 14 miles above where now stands the city of Williamsport, and declared themselves free from the yoke of British rule.

STARTED A PRAIRIE FIRE.

An Army Officer Caused the Worst One Ever Known in Kansas.

The greatest prairie fire known in Kansas was in the year 1869, and it was set out by an officer of the United States government.

One day in 1869 he and a party of officers from Fort Hays were returning from a wild turkey hunt in the canyons of the Saline. The wind was blowing a hurricane, and when a stop was made on the high prairie some ten miles north of Hays this officer deliberately touched a match to the dry, crisp grass in order to make a spectacle. When the other officers saw what he was about to do, they made a desperate effort to stop him, but the deed had been done, and the red flames were reeling across the prairie like a frightened antelope. That fire swept from where it had been started clear across Kansas into what is now Oklahoma. The streams and roads offered no obstacles to it whatever. While going south it had also turned to the east and left a trail of ruin across Rice, Reno, Kingman, Harper and other counties. Thousands of settlers were burned out, losing their houses and their feed, their horses and cattle.

If the man who set that fire had been known to the settlers, all the troops on the plains would not have been enough to stay their vengeance. As it was, he suffered remorse beyond description. When the officers at Hays would bring him papers, telling of the damage done, he would groan and curse himself roundly. He left Hays for some other post in the following year, and, so far as we know, his name was never connected with the gigantic prairie fire of 1869.—Kansas City Journal.

THE MAN WHO WORKS.

And the Man Who Gets Through Things the Easiest Way He Can.

"The man that is so far advanced that he likes the work he is doing," said Mr. Stoughton, "has reason to feel hopeful of himself. I suppose that the very great majority of us go through the work we have in hand the easiest way we can and get through it, skipping the hard places when possible and thinking we'll be glad when it's finished; but the next job will be just the same. There will be just about so many hard places in it, and then we'll be wishing just the same that we could get through that job."

"The fact appears to be that we are always trying to shirk the present job. We mean well in a feeble sort of way, and the next thing we tackle we are going to do right up to the handle, but when we strike that, when that becomes the present work, don't we try to shirk that too? We do, indeed. And that's what we do all through life—daily putting off our best endeavors till tomorrow. Kind of a miserable thing to do, isn't it?"

"But occasionally you meet a man who puts in his best ticks every day and rejoices in the labor. He doesn't care a continental what the next day is going to bring to him—he can handle it, whatever it is. Just now he's engaged with today's labor, and he does that up thoroughly and completely and searches out the last nook and cranny. He isn't trying to see what he can pass by, but what he can root out, and he goes home satisfied with his work, and he's the one man in a thousand that leads all the rest, and his pay corresponds with his labors."—New York Sun.

Had It All Fixed.

The Youth's Companion says that the descendant of a New England Puritan divine has in his possession an old sermon written by his ancestor who did not trust entirely to the impulse of the moment when delivering his discourses. The manuscript is written in a strange, crabbed hand and plentifully besprinkled with marginal references. "Read slowly here," the minister admonishes himself in one spot, and "to be given out very loud and clear" is the suggestion for another passage. "Hurry a little, with fire," he wrote in several places. The most emphatic and important part of the whole sermon is indicated by a much underlined marginal note.

After hearing stories of this saintly old time preacher it is amusing to know that he deemed it wise and even necessary at the climax of his eloquence to "yell like one possessed."

Philadelphia's Big Clock.

The clock on the Philadelphia city hall is the highest in the world. It has the largest dials. If the dials were out of the way and tracks were laid, two trains could pass each other running through the holes. The glass in the four faces is fastened there by a ton of cement. The glass, if laid on the ground, would make a walk a square long and ten feet wide. The minute hand will finish each year's journey by completing a 110 mile trip. It is expected that this minute hand will travel 110 miles annually for many years to come. The clock is strong, and the minute hand is phosphor bronze and weighs 250 pounds.

Where Hope Lingered.

Negroes are unconsciously humorous. The other day two roustabouts were overheard talking. They met on the levee after one had been absent from the city for several weeks.

"Hello, Bill; how is yer?" said the first.

"Well," was the reply, "de doctors is give me up, but de police ain't."—Memphis Scimitar.

California has 40 mountains, the highest peaks of which are more than 10,000 feet above the sea. Colorado has 50 peaks which are more than 13,000 feet in altitude.

In Paris there is a wineshop for every three houses.

WORK OF VANDALS.

FRANKFORT, Feb. 28.—[By Associated Press]—The emblems of mourning on the capital building, for the death of Goebel, were torn down last night by unknown persons.

Unique Wedding Present.

Most people know of the peculiar circumstances under which Robert Louis Stevenson won his wife. But even more romantic and astounding was the unique wedding gift he got with her. When Stevenson met his future fate at Barbizon, a famous artists' resort near Paris, she was the wife of Mr. Osborne, an Oakland gentleman. The friendship thus formed led Stevenson to pay a visit to California. He arrived at Monterey in a dying condition, but the loving care of Mrs. Osborne and her sister, Nellie Van der Grift, gradually won him back to life. The nursing completed his infatuation for the lady—an infatuation which he did not pretend to conceal. Fortunately Osborne raised no objections. He not only agreed to the divorce, but with a magnanimity rarely excelled actually attended the wedding breakfast. There he found his opportunity.

Mrs. Stevenson's one source of regret was the positive loss of her son, Lloyd Osborne, whom, of course, the father had the right to claim. Osborne made a happy speech, felicitating the newly married couple, and wound up by offering the most original of wedding presents. "To the bride," he said, "I give that which of all things is nearest and dearest to her heart, her own son."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

One He Didn't Get.

The following story of Ben Butler was told by a man who said he was present on the occasion:

"Shortly after the war General Butler delivered a lecture at Pike's Opera House in Cincinnati. The general was well on to the climax of his speech when slowly from the flies overhead descended a large wooden spoon on the end of a string. Down and down it came until it reached a point two or three inches above the speaker's head, and then it stopped.

"The audience, of course, was convulsed with mirth, but owing to his well known visual infirmity the general was the last to discover the spoon, and indeed would probably not have noticed it at all except that in making an emphatic gesture to emphasize a point his hand struck the suspended spoon.

"Looking up, he recognized the enemy and took in the situation at a glance. Without any sign of embarrassment or confusion he detached it from the string and with the remark, 'Hello, there's one I didn't get,' laid it down on the stage and triumphantly finished his address."

THE MARKETS.

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 27.

WHEAT—No. 2 red, 65¢; No. 3, 64¢.

CORN—No. 2 yellow, 30¢; No. 3, 29¢.

OATS—No. 1 white, 30¢; No. 2, 29¢.

HAY—No. 1 Timothy, \$14.00; No. 2, \$13.00.

CATTLE—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

PORK—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

LARD—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

SUGAR—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

COFFEE—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

TEA—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

SPICES—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

FRUITS—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

VEGETABLES—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

FISH—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

MEATS—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

BUTTER—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

EGGS—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

POULTRY—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

HONEY—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

WAX—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

GLASS—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

IRON—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

STEEL—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

COPPER—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

ZINC—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

LEAD—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

SILVER—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

GOLD—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

PLATINUM—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

DIAMONDS—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

JEWELRY—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

WATCHES—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

CLOCKS—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

FURNITURE—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

CLOTHING—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

SHOES—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

HATS—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

GLOVES—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

SCARVES—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

STOCKINGS—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

UNDERWEAR—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

OUTERWEAR—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

ACCESSORIES—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

TRAVEL—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

ENTERTAINMENT—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

SPORTS—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

ARTS—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

SCIENCE—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

TECHNOLOGY—No. 1, 10¢; No. 2, 9¢.

The Massillon Market.

The following prices are paid by Massillon merchants today:

GRAIN, HAY, STRAW AND WOOL.
Wheat (old) 70
Hay, per ton 8 00 to 9 00
Straw, per ton 6 00
Corn 38-40
Oats 24-25
Clover Seed 1 25-1 40
Timothy Seed 1 25 to 1 30
Rye, per bu. 40
Barley 40
Flax seed 1 25
Wool 15 to 18

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Potatoes, (new) per bushel 40
Beets, per bushel 50
Apples 75-100
Cabbage, per pound 02
Evaporated apples08 to .10
White beans 1 50
Onions 65

BUTTER, EGGS AND POULTRY

Butter 20
Eggs 16
Chickens, live, per pound 06
Chickens, dressed 10
Turkeys, live 60
Turkeys, dressed 12

MEATS AND CHEESE.

Sausage 08-09
Spare Ribs 06
Backbone 06
Ham 09
Shoulder 06
Lard 06
Sides06 to .07
Cheese 11

The following are retail prices:

Bran, per 100 lbs. 85
Middlings, per 100 lbs. 90

TODAY'S MARKETS

Latest Reports From the Centers of Trade.

The following tables show the fluctuations of stock, as reported by T. E. Drake's exchange:

NEW YORK.

Open-High-Low-Close
American Sugar 107 1/2 107 1/2 107 1/2 107 1/2
American Tobacco 105 1/2 105 1/2 105 1/2 105 1/2
Atchafalca (Pfd.) 64 1/2 64 1/2 64 1/2 64 1/2
C. & O. S. S. 125 1/2 125 1/2 125 1/2 125 1/2
Federal Steel 53 1/2 53 1/2 53 1/2 53 1/2
Manhattan 42 1/2 42 1/2 42 1/2 42 1/2
Missouri Pacific 15 1/2 15 1/2 15 1/2 15 1/2
Louisville & Nashville 52 1/2 52 1/2 52 1/2 52 1/2

CHICAGO.

Open-High-Low-Close
Wheat 65 1/2 65 1/2 65 1/2 65 1/2
July 65 1/2 65 1/2 65 1/2 65 1/2
Corn 35 1/2 35 1/2 35 1/2 35 1/2
July 35 1/2 35 1/2 35 1/2 35 1/2
Oats 28 1/2 28 1/2 28 1/2 28 1/2
July 28 1/2 28 1/2 28 1/2 28 1/2
Pork 10 70 10 70 10 60 10 65
July 10 72 10 72 10 57 10 57

CATTLE.

May